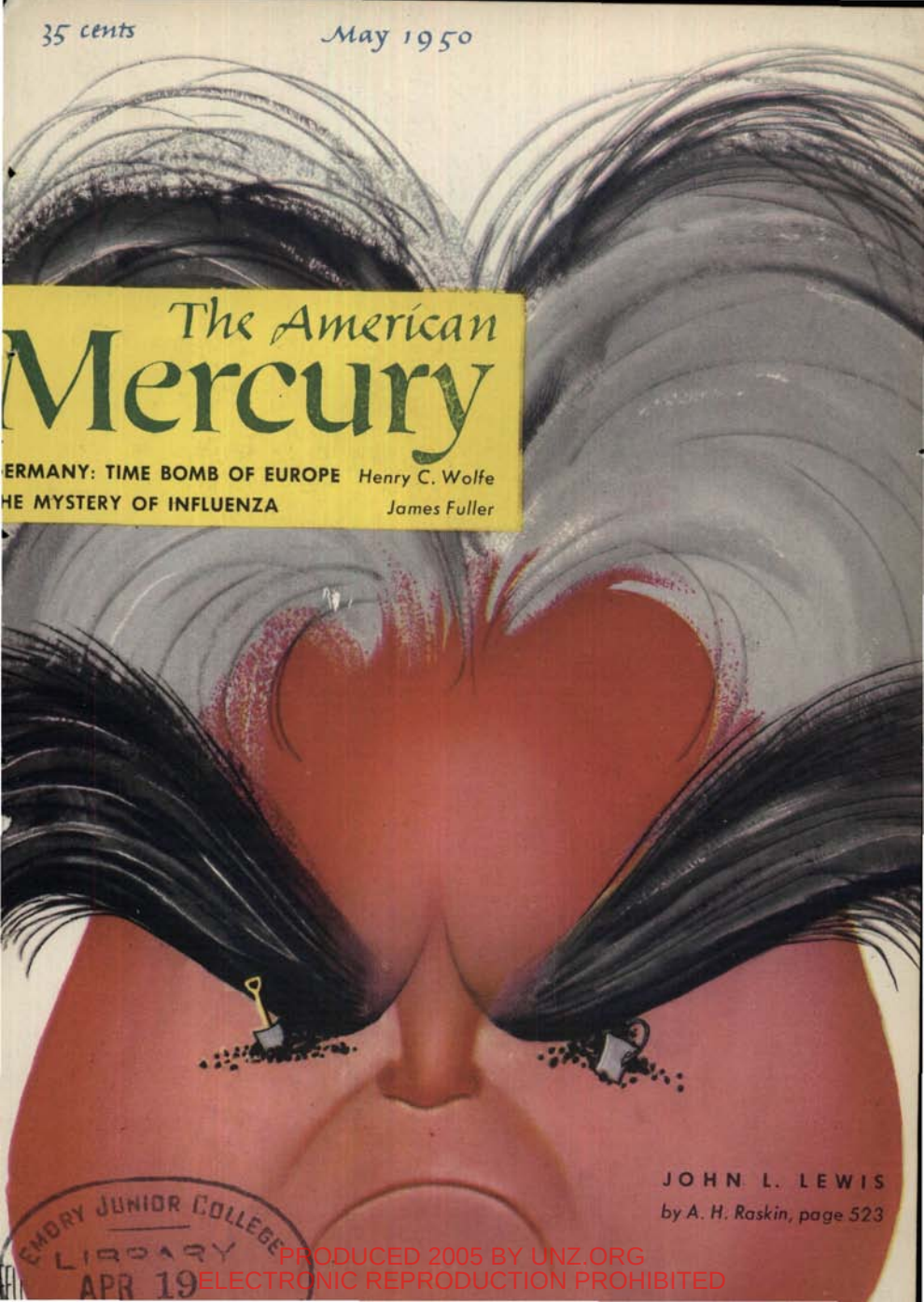


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May 1950



The American Mercury

GERMANY: TIME BOMB OF EUROPE Henry C. Wolfe
THE MYSTERY OF INFLUENZA James Fuller

JOHN L. LEWIS

by A. H. Raskin, page 523



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AM 5-50

The American Mercury

GERMANY: TIME BOMB OF EUROPE

BY

HENRY C. WOLFE

WE HAVE been losing the battle for Germany. If we lose Germany to the Kremlin, it will be a defeat even more catastrophic than the loss of China. The situation in Germany today, in relation to the East-West struggle, is about where the situation was in China in 1947. Time is running out on us and running out fast.

If we lose Germany, we stand to lose Europe, the Middle East and Africa. We shall be forced back on the Western Hemisphere with the global

balance of power heavily weighted against us. We shall find by that time that we have few allies left who can give us political and material support. Having lost the cold war, we shall then be locked into a defensive position that will be inordinately expensive, yet can give us no security.

Few Americans realize what is at stake in Germany, but the men in the Kremlin, masters of *Realpolitik*, do. Since they seized power in 1917, the Soviet leaders have understood the important role that Germany plays

HENRY C. WOLFE, author of *The German Octopus*, *Human Dynamite* and *The Imperial Soviets*, got his first close-up of the USSR in 1922 as a member of the Hoover Commission. He has made several notable forecasts. In *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for July, 1939, he predicted flatly that Hitler was going to war and told why. In other magazine articles, he forecast the Nazi-Soviet deal and the German attack on Russia.

in their drive for world domination. They have looked hungrily at German industry, especially in the Ruhr. They have realized that if they had use of the Reich's advanced technology, central strategic position and organizing genius, they could quickly dominate Europe and strike out at other continents. Moreover, the Russians fear German military power, unless it is teamed up with their own. These were some of Stalin's reasons for making a deal with Hitler in 1939.

As for the Germans, there has been strong pro-Russian sentiment in certain circles since the days of Bismarck. It is sentiment based on stark self-interest — based, in other words, on the premise that when Germans and Russians work together, the Germans prosper and wax powerful. According to pro-Russian Germans, when the Germans have fought the Russians, catastrophe has been the pay-off, and they have two world wars to prove it. They point to the first Rapallo treaty (1922), when the pariah Germans and Russians, meeting on the outskirts of the Allied conference in Genoa, circumvented Allied diplomacy by making a deal between themselves. This move was immensely popular in both Germany and Russia.

After the Nazis came to power, the Eastern orientation was interrupted. But there were still powerful influences at work in Germany, especially

in the *Reichswehr* hierarchy, to promote close relations with the USSR. Dr. Karl Haushofer, the geopolitical expert, and his followers constantly advocated a policy of alliance with the Soviets. Even among the Nazi leaders there were enthusiasts for the Eastern orientation. Such an enthusiast was Erich Koch, *gauleiter* of East Prussia. In Koenigsberg fourteen years ago, he explained to me his reasons for advocating a Russo-German alliance:

The Reich and the Soviet complement each other. A combination of Russian manpower, land mass and raw materials, with German industry, technological skill and organizing ability, would constitute the world's greatest power center. The rulers of this combination could dominate the world. It would be economically advantageous for both partners. From the military angle, the alliance could bring overwhelming force to bear at any point on its long periphery. No other coalition could cope with such military-economic dynamism.

Hitler's stupid attack on the Soviets wrecked the pact of 1939, but left the motivations for the pact intact. Throughout the Reich-Soviet war Stalin carefully concentrated his propaganda offensive against the Nazi leadership. He took pains to point out that he believed that Germany should endure. He did not associate himself with the West's extreme plans for the

permanent destruction of German power. In outwitting the West at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, it was his aim to cut Germany in two, the better to get control of the whole. With reference to Europe, his aim was to separate the industrial West from the food and raw materials of the East. The over-all strategy was formulated to make the West's economic recovery extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Since the end of the war, Stalin has continued his courtship of the German people. He has cast himself in the rôle of champion of German unity, protector of the Germans against rapacious Western imperialism. Constantly stressing the tradition of Russo-German friendship and common interests, he has told the citizens of the eastern and western zones that Germans and Russians together have "the largest potentialities in Europe to complete great actions of world significance." A Russo-German alliance — a third Rapallo — would certainly be an act of world significance. Consequently, every post-war Russian policy in Germany has been part of the plan to win that nation as an ally, either as a Communist satellite or as a nationalist state. The Kremlin's maneuvers have sometimes wavered between the creation of one or the other form of government, but the original goal has never changed.

The West, on the other hand, has lacked a German policy. The three Western partners — Britain, France, the U.S.A. — have not only failed to pull together, but have opposed one another on various issues relating to Germany. But their greatest stumbling block has been complete failure to understand the German problem. As for the American attitude toward Germany, it has shifted from the early "treat 'em rough" tactics to the current theory that if we shovel enough dollars into Germany everything will come out all right. Paired with this pleasant delusion is the assumption that the Germans hate the Russians; therefore, they are our allies and will, if need be, fight for us. A corollary to this wishful thinking is the argument that we should build up a new German army.

Washington's failure to formulate a long-range policy has been a heavy drag on the men trying to govern our zone in Germany. Not only that, but, with some notable exceptions, we have been handicapped by poor administrators, by the bad conduct of American personnel, and by the black market activities of the personnel and their dependents. Above all, Americans in Germany have been notorious for their indifference toward German history, culture, economics and

politics. Many Germans regard us as cultural inferiors. None of this has helped American prestige. And prestige counts heavily in the East-West struggle.

In contrast to America's bungling, the Russians have skilfully made use of two main forces: the German Communist Party and certain extreme right wing circles. Either of these forces may win Germany for the Kremlin; at any rate, they complement each other. Since World War II, the Soviets have worked to build a strong Communist Party in Germany. At present, they control the government of the Eastern zone, and have organized a Communist-controlled German militia and a regular Communist Party. Although a Communist fifth column is always a convenient instrument for the Kremlin, there are at least two reasons why the extreme left may not be Stalin's most effective instrument in Germany. One is the limited appeal that Communism has among Germans. The other is the potential danger of Titoism in German Communism.

The German extreme right may therefore serve the Kremlin's plans more effectively than does the extreme left. The reactionary rightist group is made up of big industrialists, militarists, neo-Nazis, journalists and refugees. These men see Germany once more a world power, as Russia's

ally. They are the political heirs of Bismarck, von Seeckt and Haushofer. Most of them work behind the scenes, but two of them — Count Rudolph von Nadolny and Dr. Andreas Hermes — are playing a more open part in the campaign for a third Rapallo.

Von Nadolny, an aristocrat, a professional diplomat who was once ambassador to Moscow, has spent much of his life working for a Russo-German coalition. Although he is undoubtedly personally opposed to communism, he believes that Germans and Russians, regardless of their politics, should cooperate. Like the late Dr. Haushofer, he believes that Russia is the great heartland essential to world empire. The Germans and Russians, he believes, are the "dynamic peoples" destined to destroy the effete Western nations and rule the world. His supporters in Germany have various backgrounds, but all of them — the jobless professors, the refugee Junkers from East Prussia, the former Nazi SS officers and Ruhr industrialists — are dazzled by the grandiose prospects inherent in a Russo-German coalition.

Von Nadolny's home in Berlin is the center of this movement. He commutes back and forth between the Soviet and Western zones, meeting with small groups, usually in private homes, and promoting the idea of a Russian alliance that will gain world power for Germany. One of Nadolny's

agencies in the Western zones is the notorious Nauheim Circle. More and more of the Nazis and nationalists are coming over to the movement. Von Nadolny and his collaborators are working to discredit the moderate Adenauer administration, to stir up hostility against the Western nations, and to prepare for *der Tag*.

A factor that contributes to the success of the von Nadolny movement is the economic compulsion in the Western zones. It is true that there has been considerable recovery during the past five years. But the housing situation is very bad, there are some two million unemployed, and the Western zones are unable to cope with the eight to ten million German refugees from eastern Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries. Many of these unfortunate people live in misery. Their bitterness against the Russians who drove them out of their homes is matched only by their bitterness against the Western powers. As with most other Germans, the refugees' fear of the Russians has not made them like the Western nations. Moreover, they are deeply stirred by Soviet propaganda to the effect that a Russo-German alliance, with its promise of territorial changes, will give them back their homes. The leaders of the von Nadolny movement now view the millions of refugees as a vast reservoir for recruits.

In dealing with the Germans Stalin holds two aces. One is the potential restoration of the Reich's lost provinces: *i.e.*, all of East Prussia and Upper Silesia, most of Lower Silesia and Pomerania, and a big part of Brandenburg. Germans of all classes, except the most fanatical communists, are determined to regain these eastern lands. In this matter, the Western powers can do little to help them. But Stalin can — whenever it suits his purpose. The installation of Marshal Rakossovsky as the real ruler of Poland looks like a move to keep the Poles in line when the Kremlin wants to shift frontiers again. True, the Poles and Czechs would resent a move to restore land to the Germans. But neither the Poles nor the Czechs could now offer any effective resistance. In any case, Stalin would sell them out for the grand prize of Germany.

The Saar question, too, is grist for the Soviet propaganda mill. The Kremlin exploits it to poison relations between the French and the Germans. *Neues Deutschland*, the Soviet-zone Red newspaper, tells the Germans that friendship with the USSR is "the only way to regain the Saar."

Stalin's other ace is the mirage of prosperity. Through his German allies in both rightist and leftist camps, he is promising the Germans a great economic boom if they will sign up with

him. He holds out the bait of enormous markets for manufactured goods in the satellite states, in the Soviet Union itself, and now in Red China. The Germans are told that there is an unlimited market for their heavy machinery, chemicals, artificial rubber, railway equipment and electrical goods in the East, but no markets at all in the West.

In this connection the Kremlin harps on that most sensitive of themes, the Western policy of dismantling. This Allied program, the Soviets charge, illustrates the West's vindictiveness, indicates its intention to keep Germany from competing in world markets, proves its determination to destroy the German people. Such propaganda finds ready ears among the refugees, unemployed workmen, the middle class — in fact, among Germans in all walks of life. The West is offering little to counteract it.

III

Another high card in the Soviet hand is the cause of a unified Germany. Here again the appeal sweeps right across the political arena from extreme left to extreme right. Pastor Niemoeller probably spoke for a good many Germans last December when he declared that his compatriots would rather take the risk of living under a Communist dictatorship than

continue to have their nation cut in two by the East-West war. From the beginning the Kremlin has carefully fostered the legend that the USSR alone champions a unified Germany. To give the legend substance, the Kremlin has set up in its zone a stooge régime, the "German Democratic Government." This outfit, with a so-called foreign minister, professes to speak for "all Germany."

In the same breath with the question of unity comes the problem of Berlin. To most Germans, after all, this city is the capital of their fatherland. No other city begins to have Berlin's sentimental hold as the center of government. Thanks to Western naïveté, the former German capital lies deep in the Soviet zone. The two and a quarter million Germans in the three Western sectors of the city are cut off from the Western zones, but their resistance to Soviet pressure has been admirable. Led by their fearless Mayor, Ernst Reuter, they have consistently stood by the West against the East. In the city elections of December 1948, they voted anti-Communist by almost 87 per cent. Moreover, their German officials have had to contend with kidnappings by the Soviet-controlled East zone police and with constant threats to their own safety. Standing on the boundary of the Western sectors, Gerhard Eisler recently warned them: "We are

keeping a diary that contains notes on everything you are doing over there!"

For our part, to be sure, we carried out the heroic and expensive air-lift to keep Berlin's Western sectors supplied despite the Soviet blockade. Western prestige zoomed in Germany and throughout Europe. But since the blockade we have been making what appears to be at least a partial withdrawal. Many American officials and their families have left Berlin for the Western zones. In the Western sectors of the former capital, unemployment is growing at an alarming rate. As Soviet pressure and threats of violence are stepped up, many Berliners wonder if the West is preparing to pull out entirely. If we stay, we do so under increasingly difficult conditions. If we leave Berlin, Germans will consider it a signal that we are beginning a wholesale retreat from Germany and Europe. The consequences would certainly be disastrous.

When the situation in China was speeding toward a crisis, we sat back and waited for "the dust to settle." If we wait much longer in Germany, the dust will settle on a Soviet empire extending from the Rhine to Hong Kong. As Drew Middleton wrote in the *New York Times*: "If the Russians get Germany—and with her the Ruhr—the United States can forget about the Atlantic

Pact and military aid and look to the radar defences of Detroit, New York and Pittsburgh."

At this late hour what can we do? The minimum is a three-fold program that should get under way at once: (1.) strengthen the middle parties in Germany; (2.) launch an efficient propaganda offensive to enlighten the Germans about American democracy and Soviet imperialism; (3.) start the job of integrating Germany's Western zones into Western Europe. That is a large order, which cannot be filled just by appropriating a few billion dollars and appointing a few new committees and administrators. It calls for the best brains we have and for the whole-hearted support of Congress and American public opinion. Nothing less can save a rapidly deteriorating situation.

The first of these projects got off to a start last December at the London meeting which organized the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. American labor leaders participated. The ICFTU could be an effective arm of the West in supporting the German middle parties against the extremes of right and left. Furthermore, the British, French and American governments could strengthen the German moderates by making it clear that the West is determined to stay in Germany until

the whole problem is solved. Let it be known that there is no future in Western Germany for those who are ready to jump on what they think is a totalitarian bandwagon. Make it plain that we are going to stand by our friends in Germany against any power that tries to enslave them. That line would help stiffen the spines of the moderates.

A far stronger propaganda offensive is indispensable to counteract the steady stream of Soviet falsehood against the West, especially against the United States. We must drive it home that the Soviets are not going to raise the German standard of living higher than the low Russian standard. We should expose the Soviet looting of their own zone. We have to show that democracy has dynamism, that the West is a realm of opportunity. Contrast the declining scale of living in the Soviet satellite states with that of the Western world. Play up democracy by means of billboards, moving pictures, trade fairs and pageants. In other words,

dramatize our story effectively.

Unless Western Europe draws together, it is doomed. Unless a united Western Europe integrates Western Germany into its system, the German problem can never be solved. The answer probably rests mainly with Britain, for if Britain stands aloof from European integration, France will naturally fear that Germany would dominate any Western European federation. All Western statesmen can at least be sure of one thing: if Germany is not brought into the Western fold, she will be drawn into the Eastern empire. For the states of Western Europe there is only one choice: integrate, or go down one by one, like the nations of Eastern Europe.

We lost China, but we do not need to lose Germany and Europe. No effective course of action will be cheap or safe. But lack of action will inevitably bring about the collapse of our entire European defense perimeter. Are we to sit back and let Stalin's time-bomb in Germany go off?



JOHN L. LEWIS: GOD OF COAL

BY A. H. RASKIN

AT WHAT point does collective bargaining cease to be a matter of economics or social justice, and become an exercise in abnormal psychology? That question has been tossed into the public arena by the most recent gyrations of John L. Lewis, baleful leader of the country's half-million coal miners.

The 70-year-old president of the United Mine Workers has gifts of intellect and presence that go beyond those of any of his associates in the high command of American labor. But, coupled with these gifts and perverting them into instruments of potentially great social harm, is a corrosive sense of unfulfilled destiny, and further, a hatred for those lesser mortals who Lewis believes have stood in the way of his pending sainthood. For thirty years Lewis has been the target of attack from government, press and public. During that time he has pushed wages up and pulled hours down for his miners to an extent that makes their standards

(when they are working) the best prevailing in any basic industry. He has wrested a welfare fund of \$120 million a year from the reluctant operators, to provide pensions and medical benefits and thus reclaim some of the human wreckage of the mines. More than that, he has freed the miners from company domination in an industry that once held absolute power over the lives of its workers.

It is perhaps understandable that a man who has achieved so much in the face of such universal hostility should succumb to an all-obliterating belief in his own infallibility and his infinite superiority to everyone from the President of the United States down. Lewis has long forgotten that his union was once memberless and bankrupt; that it was not his genius, but the New Deal legislation of Franklin D. Roosevelt, that provided the basis for carrying the UMW to its present eminence. Like every man who ever helped Lewis, Roosevelt is now listed in the bulging black book

A. H. RASKIN is a labor reporter for the New York Times who has followed the problems of the mining industry for a number of years. His article, "How Miners Live," appeared in the April 1947 issue of the MERCURY. He won the Distinguished Service Medal in the recent war.

of the UMW president as enemy and betrayer.

Lewis lives in a world populated by enemies. He sees himself as the stainless champion of the coal miner, battling alone against the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the hydrogen bomb, Simon Legree, and all the other scourges of mankind. Men who have sat across the bargaining table from him say that it is like bargaining with God, so complete is Lewis' conviction in the eternal rightness of his position and the degree to which he can command the allegiance of his followers.

"You need men and I have all the men and they are here in the palm of my hand; and now I ask, 'What am I bid?'"

Those are the words George H. Love, president of the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, the world's biggest commercial coal producer, swears Lewis used in a negotiating session last October. Lewis retorts with the charge that Love is "a liar by the clock," but other key coal operators back up the Love version. They say Lewis' words epitomize the UMW leader's attitude toward his flock and toward the industry that supplies the nation with the bulk of its heat and industrial power. He treats the union as his personal possession. Every UMW official who has shown any trace of independence has

been booted out. Philip Murray lost his job as vice-president because he insisted on running the CIO his own way when he took over the presidency from Lewis. The late Van Bittner, and Patrick J. Fagan, who backed Murray, got the ax at the same time. There was no room in the UMW for men who wanted a little respect for their own manhood.

The biennial conventions of the mine union are given over largely to public worship of Lewis by himself and the convention delegates. When Lewis is not telling the miners how lucky they are to have him or warning them never to falter in their devotion lest he step aside, the rostrum is likely to be occupied by a lay preacher from a little mining town intoning a prayer for Lewis or a would-be poet reading a verse dedicated to the great man. On rare occasions, some resolute delegate timidly asks whether it would not be a good idea to let miners elect their own district and local officers in areas that have no autonomy. Two-thirds of the soft coal miners work in districts stripped of the right to name their own officers. Lewis has full power to designate officers for them.

Those who suggest that democracy be restored to these districts always do so apologetically. They point out that the miners would probably elect the very men Lewis has appointed

and that no disrespect to Lewis is intended in the suggestion. Lewis usually listens for a moment or two—in the interest of free and democratic discussion. Then he reminds the delegates that miners are risking their lives to earn the money needed to pay the expenses of the convention. He sees no point in frittering away time on an issue on which the minds of 98 per cent of the union members are made up. The members, says their all-knowing president, do not want to see the union torn down from its “high peak of efficiency” by restoring the right to vote to the districts. He can tell because they have not been bombarding him with petitions on the subject. Amid appreciative laughter, he points to Congress as proof that men are not necessarily good because they are elected. He suggests coyly that the main interest of the advocates of autonomy is to get their hands on some of the dues-payers’ money. When he winds up with the advice that the delegates keep putting their trust in him, they comply with enthusiasm.

In suppressing the autonomy moves, Lewis envisages himself as a benevolent father (or mother) looking out for his errant children. He put this concept into words at the union’s 1942 convention, when he used this illustration to slap down a bid for more democracy in the districts:

Mother reared six sons and two daughters, and when those sons were growing boys at home and they began to demand autonomy, Mother never had any difficulty at any time in putting down autonomous uprisings. When one of the boys would come home and tell the others that in some of the neighbors’ houses the sons had more autonomy than we had in our house, and we would hold a caucus on it, we used to get along fine until Mother intervened and made the decision.

In the light of the greater knowledge that comes with increasing years, as one of the sons, I can look back now and see that Mother was right every time, although at that time I was convinced that she did not properly understand the situation.

Inside the union Lewis demands a servility so abject it would grate on a doormat. Even an admirer as captivated by Lewis as his biographer, Saul Alinsky, finds it necessary to confess that an unhealthy awe “permeates every cranny and every stone of the UMW building in Washington, from its outside step to the ceiling of its sixth floor, and to that great Holy of Holies, where the union God abides.” Alinsky continues:

Here, one does not take the Lord’s name in vain, nor does anyone dare to utter a light or frivolous comment on the God of Coal. One day the writer humorously referred to the

many resolutions that flow in from different districts demanding that Congress declare February 12 a national holiday not only because it was Abraham Lincoln's birthday but also the birth date of that great champion of labor, John L. Lewis. The writer's laugh was cut short by the sober expressions of those listening. It was as if the United Mine Workers building had been defiled by blasphemy. Finally one spoke up, "In many ways he is far greater than Lincoln."

When it comes to the UMW conventions, the fact that Lewis shares a birthday with Lincoln is forgotten. At the last convention in October, 1948, the delegates voted unanimously to insist that February 12 be marked as a holiday in the mine fields out of respect for Lewis. Lincoln didn't even rate a mention.

II

Lewis is not one of that vanishing breed of labor leaders who feel that their living standards should bear some reasonable resemblance to those of the men they represent. He allowed the 1948 convention to record its appreciation for "the greatest labor leader in the world" by raising his salary to \$50,000 a year, thus putting himself well ahead of anybody else in the field. Some delegates objected that \$50,000 was too little. They called attention to the fact that President Truman was getting \$75,000.

On that basis, they saw no reason why Lewis should not get \$100,000. Others wanted him elected president for life. The convention endorsed the sentiment, but did not change the constitution. However, when Lewis reached the constitutional retirement age of 70 last month, his aides lost no time in letting the world know they expected him to continue in office as long as he lived.

The \$50,000 Lewis salary is double what William Green or Philip Murray get. It is more than triple what David Dubinsky gets. The only unionist who comes close is James C. Petrillo of the AFL Musicians Union, and he has to draw two pay checks — one as president of the parent union and the other as head of its Chicago local — to achieve his total of \$46,500. Significantly, the gulf in salaries reflects an even deeper gulf in feelings. Lewis regards all other labor leaders with contempt. No one in the National Association of Manufacturers has ever been able to match Lewis in the purpleness of the invective he uses to deride the high command of both AFL and CIO. Whenever they disagree with him — which is most of the time — he blasts them as cowards and ignoramuses. He writes off the cordial relationships most unionists enjoy with the White House as evidence of their willingness to "sell themselves for a lunch."

When the Taft-Hartley Law was passed, Lewis clung to the view that labor should boycott the processes of the law by refusing to file non-Communist affidavits with the National Labor Relations Board. Most other union leaders felt such a policy would expose labor to all the penalties and disadvantages of the act, while closing the door to the utilization of the benefits it carried over from the old Wagner Act. Accordingly, they decided to sign. But the unanimity of his colleagues did nothing to shake the conviction of Lewis, then an AFL vice-president. He accused the federation of "groveling" before the law, of having a neck that haired over in place of a head. When the organization refused to yield to his superior judgment, he led the miners out in the same peremptory way he had led them out of the CIO a few years before.

Last May, nearly two years after his departure from the AFL, Lewis decided it would be well to have some ties with the rest of the labor movement, as a means of increasing his political and economic strength in his negotiations for a new coal contract. Without a blush, he called Bill Green and announced his readiness to lead the miners back into the AFL. He laid down only one small condition. The federation should admit that it was wrong and he was right on the

affidavit question. Its principal affiliates should stop complying with the law and thus convince Congress the Taft-Hartley Act was a dead letter. When this proposal was relayed to the AFL executive council, that venerable body had to take time out to permit the members to get over their initial shock. When they recovered sufficiently, the AFL solons slammed the revolving door in Lewis' face.

The UMW chief is no less cavalier in his treatment of public officials than he is in his attitude toward other labor leaders. He is completely cynical in his approach to government. He lavishes all his charm on those who can be helpful to him — right up to the time they begin disagreeing with him. Then he excoriates them in vengeful terms. That is the story of his relations with Roosevelt, Ickes, Krug, and more recently with Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, neutral trustee of the UMW pension and welfare fund. At one time each was a great statesman and humanitarian, in Lewis' estimation. But as soon as their viewpoints began differing significantly from his own, they lost all semblance of virtue and Lewis became their implacable enemy.

As an exponent of the supremacy of brute force, Lewis is unable to accept the notion that he must take second place to anyone under any

circumstances. He feels his secure seat atop the country's coalpile gives him an eminence that enables him to look down on the White House and Congress. The lower the coalpile gets and the hungrier the nation gets for fuel, the easier it is for Lewis to indulge this sense of superiority. This attitude is well illustrated by the experience of a Washington correspondent who was chatting with Lewis in his private office during one of the severe coal strikes of the Roosevelt era. The strike had been on several weeks; homes were chilly, industries shutting down. Negotiations between the UMW and the operators had broken down and everyone was waiting tensely for a move from the White House. Everyone, that is, but Lewis.

Completely at ease, he was regaling the correspondent with a tale of his first meeting with Adolph S. Ochs, late publisher of the *New York Times*. It was a good story and Lewis told it with gusto. Suddenly a flunky burst into the office in a state of considerable agitation and laid an envelope before his boss.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Lewis," the aide stammered, "but a man just brought this from the White House. He says it's important. The President is waiting for an answer."

Lewis waved the man out of the room. The correspondent's eyes were

riveted on the fateful envelope. Lewis did not give it a glance. He returned to his story. He spared no detail of what he said to Ochs and what Ochs said to him. The story went on for twenty minutes. When it was over, Lewis waited for the reporter to voice his relish of the recital. Then, in his most courtly manner, the UMW president asked to be excused from continuing their conversation.

"I have a communication here that may be of some importance," he said with studied simplicity.

III

For all the air of outraged martyrdom he affects, Lewis revels in the assaults made upon him by commentators, columnists and editorial writers. The walls of the basement meeting hall in the UMW building are coated with abusive cartoons that have been published about Lewis over a period of more than a quarter-century. He loves to tell a story about a talk he once had with a West Virginia coal producer — the rich son of a rich father. For a long time the operator and the union had been fighting one another. Out of the bitterness of the battle grew a feeling of mutual respect. In a friendly fashion, Lewis told the operator one day that he could not understand a man like him, endowed with brains, education, personality, fortune, "whose

sole interest in life is the acquisition of wealth, wealth, and more wealth."

"Yes," was the operator's retort, "and I can't understand a man like you with your great talents whose sole interest in life is the acquisition of power, power, and more power."

When he repeats this story, Lewis rolls out the word "power" with a violence that sets the chandelier tinkling. He laughs uproariously as he tells it.

The Lewis power drive and its companion, the Lewis persecution complex, worked overtime in his conflict with the operators over a 1950 wage agreement. Lewis put forward his demands on a take-it-or-leave-it basis that sent the operators scuttling to the NLRB with unfair labor practice charges. He invited them to bargaining sessions at which he sat brooding and silent, declining at first even to make known what he wanted. Sometimes he would not show up at all. Other times he would slip out of the meeting room to "buy a newspaper." The next thing the conferees knew he had checked out of the hotel and out of the area in which the meeting was being held.

Yet when Robert R. Young of the Chesapeake & Ohio stepped in to try to effect a settlement he found Lewis lachrymose over the way the operators were ganging up in an attempt to smash the union. He went on at

great length about the iniquity of the mine owners, about the great contributions the union had made and would continue to make toward the stabilization and increased efficiency of the industry, shook his head sadly over the obtuseness of the operators and wound up with a declaration that his members "worshiped" him and would follow wherever he led them.

Shortly after this virtuous recital, Lewis made an epic contribution to harmonious relations by signing a new "pattern" agreement with mines representing about one-half of 1 per cent of the industry. The most spectacular aspect of this agreement was its designation of a new board of trustees for the UMW welfare fund. The non-complaisant Senator Bridges was dropped as neutral trustee in favor of Miss Josephine Roche, Lewis' right bower in her capacity as director of the fund. Miss Roche, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is a highly competent person but her independence of Lewis was hardly great enough to encourage confidence as to her potential neutrality. As if that were not enough, Lewis handed the operators another jolt by trying to hand-pick their "representative" for them. He junked former Federal Judge Charles I. Dawson of Louisville, Ky., whom the owners had picked, and substituted an old friend, Howard

Showalter of Fairmont, W. Va., head of a tiny mining company.

When the final settlement was reached, with the country on the threshold of economic collapse, the owners were obliged to accept Miss Roche as neutral trustee, and thus deliver unquestioned control over the fund to the union. In return, Lewis magnanimously permitted them to designate their own man to represent the operators — on condition that it was not Judge Dawson.

The whole conduct of the welfare fund in the three years since it began functioning has demonstrated Lewis' blind faith in his own infallibility. It took Government seizure of the mines to get him the fund in the first place. He has conveniently forgotten his debt to President Truman and Secretary of the Interior Krug in that regard. Once he got the fund, he sketched out a benefit program so ambitious it was bound to wind up in bankruptcy. Whenever anyone asked how the payments could be kept up on the scale envisaged by Lewis, the union's answer was always the same: the money will be forthcoming — Lewis will see that it is there.

Unfortunately, the money was not there. In September, pensions and medical benefits had to be cut off, with attendant hardship to thousands of miners and their dependents. At the time of suspension the fund was

spending \$11 million a month and taking in only \$6 million. Some may argue that it is better to have lived and lost than never to have lived at all, but that is not the basis on which one sets up a pension or insurance program. Disillusionment is the inevitable fruit of such a system.

If this fiasco had any chastening effect on Lewis, it was not discernible. So far as he was concerned, everything was the fault of the operators. Now it is true that the coal industry has never been in the forefront of enlightened labor relations. It once exercised autocratic power over the lives and liberties of its workers. From that position (with some pushes from the government), it swung to craven submission to the Lewis brand of dictatorship. But it is impossible to hold the operators accountable for the mismanagement of a fund in which Lewis has always had the dominant voice. A few mine owners did withhold royalty payments after the old union contract ran out, but the amount involved was paltry when compared with the shortage resulting from Lewis' refusal to operate on a balanced budget.

IV

Lewis makes a fetish of unpredictability. He loves to cloak his plans in secrecy, especially if the uncertainty touches off a fresh lather of denuncia-

tion from his critics in Congress and the newspapers. Even so routine an inquiry as whether Lewis will or will not attend a meeting usually goes unanswered. "Let them keep on speculating," is his reply to questions about his plans on matters, large and small.

It is never part of his plan to be taken for granted. Last November, he unexpectedly called off a seven and one-half week strike and ordered his miners back to the pits for a three-week period of full production. As the end of the truce neared, everyone looked to Lewis for a clue as to what the miners would do next. He wrapped himself in oracular silence. Finally, two days before the deadline he scheduled a meeting of the UMW policy committee, the rubber-stamp group that meets at Lewis' call to endorse his policies. There was still no hint from Lewis as to what he would ask the committee to do, but editorial writers and commentators were informing the nation that the miners were in no mood to stomach another strike with Christmas coming on. The general opinion was that Lewis would not "dare" order a new stoppage. Lewis postponed the meeting for one day without explanation. He postponed it a second day and a third day. The strike then went into effect without affirmative action on Lewis' part.

The walkout brought Lewis a gratifying shower of abuse from his critics. Satisfied that he had kept intact his reputation for lion-heartedness, he did what he had planned to do all along. He instructed the policy committee to order a three-day work week, effective at once. The committee obeyed, and the so-called "strike" was over in less than half a day. It affected no production since it took place on Thursday, a workless day under the three-day schedule. The only purpose it served was to keep vivid the concept of Lewis as a man whose chief joy is to outrage the sensibilities of John Q. Public.

One of the penalties of being a Man of Mystery is that reporters and photographers are obliged to be more persistent in checking on your movements than they would be if you were reasonably coöperative in matters of public concern. Lewis is well aware of this, but every now and again it suits his fancy to put on a mighty display of irritation at the "hounding" of the press. One day he takes a kick at a camera-man; another day he ducks through the kitchen of a New York hotel, with photographers in eager pursuit, when he could have walked out the front door without exciting anyone's curiosity; still another day he is the soul of affability, willing to pose without limit.

His relations with reporters are on

the same basis. "Who asked you to identify yourself to me?" he barked at one newspaperman who had introduced himself, preliminary to asking a question. In less truculent mood, he will talk for an hour or more in the most patient and illuminating fashion.

Lewis' enthusiasts invariably justify his arbitrary actions with the proud boast that he is a man who gets what he goes after, and he goes after the things that are good for the coal miner. The precipitous drop in coal's share of the energy market and the attendant cut in work opportunities for miners make this a highly dubious proposition. It is manifestly unfair to charge Lewis with sole responsibility for the shrinkage in coal sales, but uncertainty of supply has not been the least of the factors involved in coal's loss of popularity. Higher labor costs have put the squeeze on marginal mines to a point that threatens to wipe out thousands of jobs this year. One of the country's best informed coal economists estimates that the miners will not get one dollar more in total payroll this year than they did in 1948, despite the wage and welfare "package" increase of \$1.40 a day the UMW won in its new 1950 agreement. Reduced coal production and increased displacement of men by machines will eat up the difference.

The psychiatrists tell us the key to a man's personality lies in his childhood. Lewis was born in Lucas, Ia., the son of a hard-fisted Welsh miner, who was blacklisted when John was two years old for leading a strike. Lewis has made it plain that this experience of his father's was of profound influence in his own future thinking. As John grew up, he harbored a brooding resentment not only against the mine operator who fired his father but also against the miners who accepted the gains of the strike without putting up a fight for its blacklisted leader. It is not surprising that such a youth would wind up with basic reservations about the nobility of the masses or their capacity for managing their own affairs.

Lewis' mother and wife both came from scholarly families and he had extremely strong attachments to both of them throughout their lives. Eldest of eight children, he never got beyond eighth grade in his own schooling, but his knowledge on scores of subjects outside the coal industry is encyclopedic, and his lust for twelve-syllable words has become a trade mark.

The Lewis family bounced around the mine fields, fleeing the blacklist, and John went into the mines himself at the age of fifteen. He tried his hand at a dozen other trades, including managing an opera

house, in those nomadic early years that preceded his first plunge into paid union office.

How the myriad experiences of these years blended into the complex personality that now dominates our coal supply is a question no layman can answer. Perhaps, as psychiatry

extends the boundaries of its knowledge and usefulness, it will be able not only to help us appraise such personalities but help to prevent them from utilizing their strength for destructive purposes. Until that time, negotiation and legislation will have to remain our principal safeguards.

HESTER PRYNNE

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Thumbed by yesteryear, your cloak
is dusty now. Alert, within
boards, the storm of anger broke,
lashing you and sin.

Heated still, the brand of pain,
scarlet on your bosom, shows
your own error, and again
our poverty that grows:

here the darker spirit's root
blends with the warped thing all have known.
You who ate forbidden fruit
still must go alone.

We, the silent, not found out,
live in our hidden, wormy den,
part of old New England's shout,
pious now, as when

you who bore our error, hot
as shame and hurt that magnified,
wept in your anguish. We forgot
it was for us you cried.

MY NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE DAYS

BY MARTHA FOLEY

APART from such routine activities as reading, revising or rejecting manuscripts, odd things sometimes happen behind editorial doors. I know, for I have been several kinds of an editor — newspaper, magazine, book and anthology. There was, for instance, the time I was feature editor of a Los Angeles newspaper. One of my duties was handling “The Voice of the People,” wherein readers wrote to the paper on various topics of the day. When there were no letters, I had to write them myself.

Since these letters had to be the kind which would draw in bona fide correspondence, I found two subjects which would so excite the paper’s readers that I wouldn’t have to worry about mail for weeks. One was whether men riding in an elevator should take off their hats if a woman were present. The other — should smoking be permitted on busses.

One day I received a nine-page letter on neither of those Los-Angeles-

shaking subjects. It was from a woman reader who signed her name and address, frequently omitted in letters to newspapers. The author was very angry. She declared things had come to such a pass that no decent woman could walk down the streets of Los Angeles without blushing. The window dressers were changing the clothes on the female dummies in the windows without drawing the shades. She demanded, in the name of the outraged womanhood of Los Angeles, that, for every female dummy so exposed, a male dummy be likewise exposed.

Should I have printed the letter? I didn’t and I have a guilty conscience. I deprived Los Angeles of a far more interesting topic of discussion than hat-removing in elevators or smoking in public conveyances.

I have made other mistakes. Like the time I was picture make-up editor on a New York newspaper. There, amid the intense excitement of going

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to press, I supervised the placing of all picture cuts in the paper. These cuts, or engravings, are in reverse and often hard to decipher. It is not easy to stand across from a printer over a page form of type and rapidly point out which cut goes where, while late news items change the make-up and a general yowl strikes up that the paper will be late to press.

One night, early in December, a picture of a department store Santa Claus was scheduled. The managing editor of the paper was fond of what he called "intimate writing." So I wrote a caption which went like this: "Oh boys and girls, look who has come to town! Santa Claus in his wonderful suit with a big sack of toys."

The paper came out on the street with my masterly caption. Above it was a picture, not of Santa Claus, but of Cardinal Hayes of New York, fully arrayed in his ecclesiastical robes. I would have lost my job but for the fact that the very same day, our chief competitor had a caption in its sports section which read: "Now if good old John L. Sullivan had been in the ring last night, this is how he would have delivered his mighty left. See photo above." Above was a picture of the Pope.

Like a lot of other young people at the time, I went to Europe to live and work. I got a job editing copy on the

fabulous Paris *Herald*, the like of which has never been seen since the fabulous twenties. It had six top men from sensational New York tabloids working on it, but it still read as if published for the famous old lady from Philadelphia. You may remember that, among other things, she was surprised that even the children in France could speak French.

The lives of the staff were far from dull, however. Among them was a corpulent Rumanian named Rossetti, who covered the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies. In his homeland he had been a member of the aristocracy. Now he was a French radical and a gourmet. Especially a gourmet. He loved to expatiate upon the barbarousness of American eating habits. Americans, he complained, nibble at their food instead of filling their mouths properly, bottom, top, sides, back, so that every little taste bud is affected. Try it sometime — when you are alone. Stuffing the mouth disgustingly full does make food taste better.

American drinking ways turned Rossetti an apoplectic purple, even to the top of his bald head. "You Americans!" he thundered. "You drink cocktails! You put your palates to sleep like with ether. How can you taste food after strong alcohol? Take a small glass of good dry red wine. Go into the bathroom and wash out

your mouth with it. Then you are ready to sit down at the table. . . . And no flowers on the table! Smelling is a part of eating. How can you digest roses and roast beef together? What a people!"

It was fun for us all to watch Rossetti's effect on a newly-arrived American. A visitor to Paris called Rex Stout, who was then completely unknown, showed up at the *Herald* office with a letter of introduction to me from a friend in New York. We asked Rex to dinner at a low-priced but excellent restaurant in the market district. Rossetti was in wonderful form, scolding Rex vociferously. It was a splendid dinner, supervised by Rossetti, with the chef making frequent visits to our table to see if all were satisfactory. Rex was properly impressed. Nero Wolfe was born at the table that night.

Afterwards we went on to a café for beer. There, over glasses of cold beer, Rossetti continued his dissertation upon food. We were all so entranced that we drank little but listened a lot. We kept tab on the number of drinks we had in the French fashion, by stacking up a saucer for each drink on our table. Toward midnight we asked for our check. The ten of us had piled up twenty-three saucers on our table, not a bad record for an evening's drinking in Paris. But the waiter charged us for fifty

beers. When we protested, the manager rushed up, demanding what was the trouble. Before we could explain, he blew a whistle.

It was a signal. All the customers in the place jumped up from their tables, gesticulating and shouting, and surrounded us. The French franc had been fluctuating and there was much bitterness in Paris about those American tourists who profited so greatly from the low rate of exchange that they even lighted cigarettes with franc notes. In my bright way, I assured the angry men around us that we were not rich American millionaires but poor working people like themselves. To press the point home, I even said we were democratic proletarians, but we were nevertheless thrown physically out of the restaurant and on to the sidewalk. The entire population of the café followed us. Their threats of further violence were halted by the arrival of two *flics*, Paris policemen. Despite all our protests, the *flics* arrested Rossetti and advised us to go home.

Cabs were hailed. We were going back to the *Herald* to get help for Rossetti. All except Rex. He gave the name of his hotel to a driver. I was shocked when I heard it. It was the highest priced place in the city. I delayed long enough to counsel Rex about the many comfortable, cheap hotels on the Left Bank. Not until

sometime later did I learn he was a banker. My considered editorial judgment is that that evening was the dividing line for Rex between banking and literature.

At the *Herald*, after much telephoning to the prefecture of police, we obtained Rossetti's release. From him we learned that the café was the headquarters of the Camelots du Roi, the violently ardent storm troopers of the French Royalist movement. Rossetti, in his respect for good beer, had marched right into their lair, and in the eyes of the Camelots, he was a renegade aristocrat, a traitor to the monarchies of the world. But why had the police of a democracy arrested him? Being French police and therefore cannily well-informed, they too knew he was a former aristocrat. Their attitude was that by deliberately visiting a royalist headquarters, no matter how good the beer, he had incited to riot.

11

I went to work as a Central European correspondent. This meant that I spent most of the time in Vienna. In those days, the early thirties, Vienna was a placid place. Looking back at all that has happened there since, it seems incredible it could have been so quiet. Correspondents had two chief difficulties. One was finding news important enough to cable

America. The other was overcoming the *föhn*. The *föhn* is a body of lifeless air that moves down every so often from the Alps, smothering the city for days at a time. Trying to function in it is like swimming in a sea of molasses.

An important news story did break, however, when King Carol suddenly descended on the throne of Rumania, from which he had been banished for years. In complete secrecy he flew in from Paris and dramatically seized the government. In Paris, where she was quartered in a shabby hotel, I had once interviewed Zizi Lambrino, the wife of King Carol's first marriage, amorganatic one. I had felt terribly sorry for the disconsolate woman and the quiet, dark little boy who was her son. They both had been cast off when Carol married a princess and ascended the throne. History repeated itself, and Carol gave up the throne for another woman of the people, Magda Lupescu. Magda was kept in the background at the time of his sensational return.

Another woman in Carol's life did not keep in the background. She was Queen Marie, his mother, who ran for her very life when Carol returned, for she was one of those who had kept him from the throne. The Queen, Mother sought safety far away from Rumania in Munich. Some correspondents went to Rumania to cover

the story. Others stayed in Vienna to cover it by long distance telephone so we could be sure to get the news out. We learned that Carol had sent Marie a message, "Come home, mama, all is forgiven," and that she was returning through Vienna on the Orient Express.

The Orient Express stopped at the East Station to drop passengers, then it circled Vienna for a good half hour and stopped again at the East Station to pick up passengers. Neither stop was long enough for an interview. It was maddening, but nevertheless G. E. R. Gedye, M. W. Fodor (two British correspondents), and I struggled with the problem at a coffeehouse table. A brilliant idea came to us. European railways sell tickets to persons wishing to go on the platform to greet or bid farewell to friends. We would go to the East Station, buy platform tickets there, cross the city to the West Station and buy tickets there, too. When the Orient Express arrived, we would not only be on the West Station platform but would board the train, ride around the city with the Queen, and interview her. At the East Station we would give the attendants our other platform tickets. How could they guess we had stowed away on the world's most famous train?

We found the Queen's drawing room on the crimson-plushed, gilded

train. Diplomats and their wives from the Rumanian Embassy in Vienna were there ahead of us. The men in frock coats and striped trousers were kissing her Majesty's hand, the ladies were curtsying and presenting bouquets of flowers. The Queen, who had a really royal, dark beauty, was being gracious to them, but she was willing to grant us an interview. Just as she was declaring she was truly delighted her son was back on the throne, Fodor pulled at my arm. "The tickets," he whispered frantically, "these have been stamped and punched. The East Station ones are not."

The train already was moving. We kept on with our interview, but our minds were not on Rumanian royal problems. The police might have been understanding about our stealing a ride on an ordinary train, but no one trifled with the great Orient Express, a law unto itself, speeding its way through Europe, crossing country after country. Clutching our unpunched, unstamped tickets, we bid hasty good-byes to the Queen, and left the train. To our amazement, a group of smiling attendants, headed by a dignified man, evidently the station master, helped us descend. They even guided our steps along a red carpet leading from the train.

I thought it was a new way of being arrested, but suddenly we were in a

room furnished like a large, old-fashioned parlor. As on the Orient Express, there was an abundance of gilt and red plush. An open door led from the room directly onto the sidewalk.

"The old Hapsburg royal reception room for celebrities," said Fodor in reply to my puzzled look. Gedy started to laugh.

"Hush!" admonished Fodor. Gedy could not stop. Then we were out on the sidewalk being bid cordial good-byes by the station staff. They had mistaken us for the Rumanian diplomatic corps. As we got into a cab, I could still see the attendants rolling up the red carpet. We never learned what happened to the diplomats when they got off the train.

III

The correspondents were a congenial group and we spent long, pleasant days hiking up and down the gentle hills of the Vienna Woods; swimming at Voslau, amid its pine groves; or boating on the Danube near the ancient monastery of Melk, where the monks made and sold, in cool dark cellars, pale golden wine and deep golden beer. It was a delightful life and I should have been content to let it remain so. Instead, I became an editor of a small literary magazine. Never again was life in Vienna so placid. The first issue was mimeo-

graphed to save money. Then we had it printed, because we discovered that printing was much cheaper in Austria than in America. It was even cheaper than mimeographing.

The magazine was then moved to the cheapest place in Europe at the time, Majorca. This is one of the Balearic Islands, famous in Caesar's time for its "slingers," and located in the Mediterranean halfway between Spain, to which it belongs, and the North African coast. A printer was found for the magazine. He had a small shop behind an ancient courtyard in which barefooted children played among long rows of diapers hanging from clotheslines. He was gracious in the courtly way of the islanders as he explained he had only enough type to fill four pages. After that many pages were printed, he said, he would re-distribute the type and print four more and so on until the magazine was done. It looked like a formidably slow and tedious business, but it was the best we could do.

When he gave us the first four pages of proofs, they were scattered all over with slug marks, looking like tiny hen tracks. We asked why. The printer was very mournful. "I am sorry," he moaned, "but I cannot print your magazine after all. You use too many W's and we have no W's in the Spanish language."

From a type foundry far away in

Madrid, a supply of W's was ordered for him. After a long wait, a small, compact and very heavy package arrived. It contained thousands of beautiful, bright new W's. They were rushed to the printer.

Eagerly we awaited the next set of proofs, but all that could be seen in them, violently black against the rest of the ancient, worn type, were the brilliant new W's. I have been W-conscious ever since. It is amazing how many words in the English language use W — word, when, where, how, why, wife, answer, wealth — an infinite number.

By banging the W's around, walking on them and sandpapering them, we finally were able to make them more retiring. The magazine, announced as a bi-monthly, was printed four pages at a time and came out as a tri-monthly. Circulation grew, however, and the magazine was moved to New York. Magazines, thank heaven, are not moved across the Atlantic every day. There was a deluge of publicity and a deluge of manuscripts. It was during this period a manuscript arrived called "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." The author was Saroyan.

I accepted his story. Back came a letter from Saroyan saying he was so encouraged he was going to send me a story every day. I dismissed the letter as the exuberance of a newly

accepted author. The next day a story arrived from him. And the next. And the next. I told my secretary to file his manuscripts in the crank folder, but the stories kept coming, one a day. There was an exception. That day, he wrote, he was too poor to buy fuel for his stove and was too cold to write. He said he had considered burning some of his books, especially a medical book in German which he once had bought for five cents because it was such a nice-looking book. But he couldn't read German and the Nazis burned books so why shouldn't he retaliate by burning a German one, he asked. He ended the letter by telling how, just as he was thrusting the book into the stove, he withdrew it. A book was a book.

I read the stories. All were excellent. Contrite for having kept him waiting, I sent him a telegram saying so and explaining that no magazine could use a story a day from an author. His reply, also telegraphed, was "What do you mean sending me a telegram? I am not supposed to receive telegrams. I deliver them." He was working as a Postal Telegraph delivery messenger.

The letter was published in the correspondence part of the magazine. A few days later there was a request from a medical school for Saroyan's address. That German medical book,

which had been thrust into the stove and at the last second withdrawn, was a rare volume for which the school had long been searching. They wanted to buy it.

The nicest story I know about Saroyan concerns the first Christmas after he began to make money. He wrote me a letter, enclosing a check. Would I please send the money, as if it came from the magazine, to some author whose work I was at the moment rejecting? He himself had known what it was to be a rejected author at Christmas time. I split the check into five parts and sent the money to authors I knew were having a difficult time. A couple were in prison. From four of the authors, including the convicts, I received letters of enthusiastic gratitude. The fifth author wrote, "I am accepting this money as conscience money on your part because you always have rejected my stories but you print the tripe that louse William Saroyan writes."

When my son David was about three years old, I was judge in a novel contest. Since the sum of money of-

fered as a prize was large, all my friends and neighbors (and we lived in a rather literary community) were interested. David loved to stand inside the kitchen and greet all the people who come to the back door of a country house on a Saturday morning. The milkman, vegetable man, bakery man and grocery boy arrived and departed. Finally, the garbage man came clattering along in his rickety truck.

"Hello," said David.

"Lo," said the garbage man, a taciturn individual.

"How do you feel?" asked David.

"O.K."

There was a pause in this fascinating conversation. Then David piped up, "How are you getting along with your novel?"

The garbage man looked at me. "What did that little kid say?" he demanded.

"He asked how you are getting along with your novel."

"Geez!" said the garbage man. "I don't write novels. I dump 'em."

In his way, the garbage man was an editor.



THE CASE FOR NATUROPATHY

BY DR. ROBERT A. WOOD

This is the fifth in the MERCURY series of discussions of "irregular" forms of the healing art. The author of "The Case for Naturopathy," Dr. Robert A. Wood, practices naturopathy in Chicago, and was for many years president of the American Naturopathic Association of the State of Illinois. He founded the Australian Health Institute and the Australian Naturopathic School, and has taught natural healing for more than 25 years. Dr. Wassersug teaches medicine in Tufts Medical School, and is the author of two medical books and many articles in general and scientific periodicals.

NATUROPATHY is the oldest system of natural healing in existence, and one would have to go back to the early cave dwellers in order to trace its earliest roots. It was the caveman who first applied heated stones to the abdominal wall for the relief of cramps in the stomach, or gas in the intestinal canal. But Hippocrates laid the first theoretical cornerstone of natural healing. He maintained that disease should be treated in accordance with natural laws. His treatise on airs, waters, and places contains the first principles of public health. Probably his greatest contribution was the discovery of the Law of Crisis, *i.e.*, the occurrence of critical periods in diseases. Following the great Hippocrates was Thomas Sydenham of England (1624-1689), who studied his methods and carried them out in practice with outstanding success. Just before Sy-

denham died, he said, "I am leaving three physicians greater than I: Water, Air and Exercise!"

In the wake of Sydenham came the old pioneers of natural healing in Europe — such men as Vincenz Priessnitz, the man who gave us our first treatise on hydrotherapy (water cure), now one of the most important forms of natural healing; Father Kneipp, who also developed fine methods of water cure; and Adolph Just, the author of *Return to Nature*. Just pointed out the great significance of earth power; he recommended sleeping on the bare ground, and gave full instructions for the applications of bandages and compresses of clay. He also recommended going barefoot and walking on wet lawns, earth and sandy beaches.

Then there was Louis Kuhne (1844-1901). By virtue of his work,

The New Science of Healing, which has been translated into more than thirty languages, Kuhne may justly be considered the greatest champion and advocate of the cause of drugless healing in all known history. His means of curing disease were purely eliminative: he used only the steam-bath, sun bath and sitz bath. For nourishment he favored the vegetarian diet, and recommended plenty of bread prepared from good unbolted wheatmeal. His slogan was "Only Cleanliness Heals."

Heinrich Lahmann's chief contributions were in the realm of nutrition. He warned of the faulty preparation of food, the harmful effects of the excessive use of common table salt, and the dangers of flooding the body with fluids. The medicinal values of natural foods and remedies, he said, depend upon their richness in the positive mineral elements.

But it was Antoine Bechamp, a professor at the University of Montpellier and the Free University of Lille, who provided naturopathy with its most significant modern theory. A contemporary of Pasteur and Metchnikoff, Bechamp rejected the idea that a specific rôle was attached to a specific ferment or bacteria, and that disease was caused by an air-borne organism. "The birth of bacteria, as well as normal cells of living bodies, is from within," said Be-

champ. These bacteria, he believed, were extensions of the indwelling microzyma or microsomes of body cells and germs, which fought off any inflammation, invasion, or unbalanced chemical equilibrium. All air-borne microorganisms were merely the remains of decaying vegetable and animal matter. The individual body cells, if well nourished, would fight off all noxious materials.

In the United States, the man who helped to make naturopathy what it is today was J. H. Kellogg, the founder of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, in Battle Creek, Mich. Kellogg was noted for his work in the field of natural therapeutics. Hundreds of medical failures walked out of the Battle Creek Sanitarium completely cured. Kellogg was the author of *Art of Massage, Rational Hydrotherapy, Light Therapeutics, Colon Hygiene*, and many technical papers and articles. There was also the father of natural therapeutics, Dr. Henry Lindlahr. The Lindlahr system of natural therapeutics is based on correlated laws; obedience to these laws makes results definite and certain. The discovery that every acute disease is a healing effort of nature led Lindlahr away from the orthodox methods of treatment-by-suppression, and pointed the way to intelligent coöperation with nature's own curative efforts. The healing art was revolutionized by this

discovery, and natural therapeutics, for the first time, was reduced to an exact science.

The last, but certainly not the least, of these great pioneers of natural healing was Benedict Lust, an emissary of Father Kneipp, who introduced the German water cure in this country over fifty years ago. During his life, this energetic and enthusiastic forerunner of a great mission accomplished an astounding amount of work for the good of the naturopathic cause all over the United States, and, in fact, all over the world. He was arrested and incarcerated some sixteen times for teaching Americans what to eat and how to live. Although a medical doctor himself, he fought medical tyranny to his last breath.

II

How does naturopathy differ from allopathic medicine? First, medicine teaches that bacteria are the primary cause of disease. Naturopathy teaches that the primary cause of all disease (except injuries) is violation of nature's laws — that the healthy body will drive off *all* noxious materials, including atmospheric germs, and that the only way to win back good, sound, robust health is to return to nature. The naturopath believes that a balance of nutrition and elimination is required to maintain the vitality

of all body cells. He sees each cell as an individual being, which eats, drinks, grows, excretes, multiplies, ages and declines — just like man, the large conglomerate cell. Further, he knows that the general decline of advancing age is entirely different from artificial decline through wrong habits of living — unbalanced or adulterated meals, excessive dissipation, emotional strain, etc. If nutrition is bad because of such habits, the cell loses its vitality, the chemical balance of the body is upset, and invasion or inflammation becomes possible. Once the channels of elimination become obstructed, toxic waste backs up in the system, causing the primary manifestations of disease. The naturopath cures this disease from within, by aiding the cells.

A second great difference between the two systems is that allopathic remedies, compared to naturopathic, are not only worthless, but often dangerous. Drugs counteract nature's efforts to throw off the disorder; they are poisonous to the system, and most of them accumulate in the various organs, tissues and cells. Naturopaths do not use drugs of any kind, nor do they use inorganic substances that may injure the system. Instead, they rely on vitamins, minerals, chlorophyll, vegetable and fruit juices, raw cow's milk, and a balanced diet. With all diseases, the allopath sup-

presses but does not cure. His sole aim is to kill pain, to give temporary relief. He uses antipyretics to suppress all fevers — quinine, aspirin, salicylate, and other coal-tar products which suppress the fever, but leave the toxins which cause the fever inside the system. The naturopath aids the fever, however, or reduces it physiologically with natural methods — distilled water with lemon juice; lots of fresh, raw fruit juices; wrapping the body in hot, wet bath towels; and last, but not least, the greatest fever reducer of all — colonic irrigation.

Naturopathic science has discovered through many years of research that the internal administration of water through the rectum at certain temperatures is the best of all fever reducers. The first phase of the treatment consists of removing the waste, mucous, and toxins from the colon with warm water, and this is followed by a treatment with cooler water to aid or reduce the fever. Allopaths believe in destroying the fever immediately with antipyretics. Naturopaths believe in allowing the fever to run its course, provided the vitality of the patient will stand it; and, as soon as the fever has done its work, the naturopath aids nature in eliminating the toxins from the system that helped cause the fever.

In the treatment of malaria, duodenal ulcers, and syphilis, the results

achieved by the naturopaths are spectacular compared with those of the allopaths. After 25 years in treating both duodenal and gastric ulcers, I have yet to see one that cannot be completely cured and eliminated within six weeks to two months. From what I have seen of medical failures in the ulcer field, it is plain that there is no cure for them in orthodox medicine. After World War II, I also treated a good many malaria cases that were discharged from the service as hopeless. They all told the same old story about medical failure. But three months after undergoing the nature cure, each case was discharged as well, and the patients were able to go back to work. Not one case returned for further treatment.

In the treatment of appendicitis by orthodox doctors, an operation is performed to remove the appendix. Yet the naturopath has proved beyond the slightest doubt that more than 85 per cent of the cases diagnosed as appendicitis by the doctors are nothing more than dirty, impacted caeca (the blind sacs in which the large intestines begin). The only appendix that should be removed is the ruptured, gangrenous one. The ordinary inflamed appendix can be successfully treated by the patient himself. All one has to do is fast from three to seven days, and, when all the pain and inflammation have departed,

to take a cold water enema every day for four days. This is followed with a diet of fruit, raw milk, etc., for two or three days, and then a return to a regulated diet.

Orthodox medicine's greatest failure has been the treatment of syphilis. The world is still full of syphilitics, despite all allopathic methods, because they suppress, but do not cure, the disease. As a naturopath, I believe that the constant saturation of the system with mercury, "606," and the newer drugs, brings on locomotor ataxia. Once this stage of the disease develops, the case becomes wholly incurable. When mercury reaches the cells and tissues of the brain and spinal cord, it causes degeneration and loss of locomotor power and balance. Several years ago in Australia, for instance, I treated a young man of 28 who contracted syphilis when he was 24. He had previously undergone two years of mercury treatments, and was discharged as cured. At 27 he developed locomotor ataxia, and was confined to his bed. The doctors gave him three to six months to live. I was then engaged exclusively by his mother, to keep him alive until his father could arrive from England. Four weeks after the first eliminative, fast, and health-food treatments, the young man was out of bed; six weeks later, with the aid of a walking stick, he was able to get around by himself.

His father arrived from England to find him alive and able to hold a half-way decent conversation. I left the case then, to prepare for a trip to America, and a month later a new doctor was called in for further advice. Another short series of mercury treatments was given, and the young man was soon flat on his back. He died in time to fulfill the original medical prediction.

A second patient, however, was 65 when he consulted me regarding slight dizzy spells. He had contracted a chancre at sixteen, but through the years he received no medical care. After three months of our treatments, his blood tests registered a four plus, and he was discharged. He lived until 71, and never suffered from locomotor ataxia. I used no mercury, nor any other allopathic "guesswork" remedies.

III

Naturopathic treatment is effective even in the gravest ailments. Consider the case of a young woman of 28, who was given two hours to live by a regular medical doctor. She was completely paralyzed, except for her lips and eyes. Her voice was a mere whisper, her vision almost gone. Legs, arms, hands, feet and abdominal cavity were filled with water. The medical diagnosis was pernicious anemia. The patient had been unable to

sleep for three days despite a series of hypodermic injections, since the water quickly absorbed the drug. According to the medical doctor, the water would pass through the openings in the diaphragm, flood the heart and lungs, and the woman would die within two hours. At 10 A.M., he left the little cottage.

At 10:30 A.M. I was at the patient's bedside. Her spleen was greatly enlarged, about the size of a grapefruit, and very hard. Wherever I pressed on the legs, arms, and abdomen, I left deep pitting, which slowly filled with water. It was the most hopeless case I had ever seen, but I asked for a kettle of boiling water, a dish pan, and two bath towels. I then applied warm poultices, and by 11:30 A.M., the patient was asleep. She slept until 4 P.M. When she awoke she told me it was the most wonderful sleep she had had in her entire life. Her voice was much stronger.

My next move was to drain the arms and legs by manipulations, until the patient could slightly move her fingers and toes. She was then placed on a diet of natural foods and juices. Each day thereafter, weather permitting, she was carried from her bed to lie in the sun. After two months of hot packs, manipulations, vegetable and fruit juices, combined with sunshine, fresh air, and balanced emotions, she began to walk again, with

assistance. Thirty days later, she was able to walk alone and unaided.

Even where the excessive use of drugs has hampered all possible recovery, the naturopathic treatment can be successful, if given the chance. I was a mere youth in the field of natural therapeutics, for instance, when a wealthy woman consulted me regarding her health. She had been under medical treatment for fifteen years, had had two major and minor operations, and had taken an enormous quantity of drugs for headaches, pain, insomnia, constipation, loss of appetite, lowered vitality, weariness, and apathy. The iris of both eyes showed an accumulation of drugs in the stomach, bowel, lymphatic and muscular systems. She decided to give the nature cure a fair trial, so I sent her to my health camp to get rid of the drugs and gallstones in her system. For seven days she fasted on river water and lemon juice; then followed ten days on an acid fruit diet, to help dissolve the gallstones. On the tenth day, she developed severe pains in the region of the liver, and started to vomit. She also suffered from chills, fever, and diarrhea.

Outside the camp and near the river, a large fire was kept burning to keep our hot water supply going throughout the night. Around the fire were several fairly large stones, used for patients with chills. Several of

these were wrapped in papers and towels, then placed around the patient's body and at her feet. When the chills departed, the stones were taken away and her body was wrapped first in hot, wet towels, then cold ones. When the gravel from the disintegrating gallstones started to pass down the bile duct into the small intestines it caused such excruciating pains that the patient asked several times to be put out of her misery. After several hours she fell into a disturbed sleep. She awakened, but was so sore under the right costal arch that she could not stand the weight of a hot towel. When the sun was warm enough, she was carried out and laid in a blanket with abdomen fully exposed, and left there until most of the soreness was gone. For one week, she received daily sunbaths, followed by cold water treatments and friction rubs. A wholesome, eliminative diet cleaned out the rest of the drugs and toxins in her system. Thirty days after her arrival, she was completely cured of a condition that had kept her sick for years. She enjoyed the way of life so much that she stayed until the summer was over and the camp broke up. At 35 she was a sick woman under medical care. Today, at 62, she is enjoying life. For 27 years she has lived by nature cure, without the aid of any doctor.

Another such instance of orthodox

medical folly occurred in the case of a young boy, five years of age, who was suffering from tuberculosis of the pelvic bone, an inch or so from the hip joint. There were two holes eaten through the bone about the size of a half dollar and a quarter. He had difficulty in standing and walking, and it was feared he might crack the bone through to the hip joint, rendering him crippled for life. The child was placed in the county Hospital, where the doctor in charge put the *good* hip in a cast. When the boy's aunt protested, she was told she was completely wrong. When she returned the next day, the cast was on the proper hip, but she removed the child to her home, and called me for advice. I informed her we could not take the child while a cast was on his hip. She removed it herself, and the next morning she was in my office with the child.

X-rays were made, and the child was completely examined. With the exception of the tuberculosis holes, a slight spinal curvature, and the fact that one leg had become shorter than the other, he was in fairly good condition. His diet was given priority, with natural foods supplemented by natural calcium. Sitz baths, sun baths, cold sprays, hot packs, infrared, vibrations, exercise, manipulations, colonic irrigations, and other natural remedies were used. The last

X-rays showed the condition completely healed.

The naturopath succeeds in all such cases because he knows that there is only one disease and one reaction to the action of body cells, and that is acute disease. If acute diseases are treated by conventional drug and "squirt-gun" methods, the body will again react to throw off the toxic medications; if this reaction is further treated by harmful serums, the condition will become subacute or perhaps chronic, with little reaction left to fight off further attacks. The naturopath meets an acute disease by first removing all toxic wastes and drugs, then aiding nature to restore the body cells to health. His success, unfortunately, has not yet led to full public recognition.

IV

Because of medical persecutions, prejudice and lack of proper healing laws in the various states, hundreds of naturopaths practice undercover. Though naturopathy was recognized as a science by the United States Congress on February 7, 1931, the drug cartels, the American Medical Association, and the politicians have seen to it that few state laws are passed in its favor. Every sincere practicing naturopath is a thorn in the sensitive dermal plates of the medical trust, because there are mil-

lions of dollars to be made from serums, anti-toxins, vaccines and would-be miracle drugs. The able naturopathic writer, Morris A. Bealle, in his book, *Washington Squirrel Cage*, puts it more clearly:

The Drug Trust overlooks nothing in the way of profits — or of stimulating profits. The Drug Trust is backing the Wagner-Murray-Dingell socialized medicine bill because it aims to establish a medical dictatorship and suppress all drugless methods of curing. The Drug Trust is one of the major lobbies behind the peacetime conscription brainstorm. Get several million young boys into the army camps and the Drug Trust will sell ten to fifteen million shots of serum to the Army and Navy pus-shooters. The Drug Trust is behind the Cancer Control Racket. Operations, X-ray, radium, drugs are all profitable, yet none have ever been known to cure a case of cancer. Only those few medical and naturopathic physicians, who remove the cause of cancer from the patient's blood, have ever succeeded in curing a carcinoma.

There are approximately twenty thousand practicing naturopaths in the United States today, if we include all non-licensed doctors, and all other doctors using naturopathic remedies. About a million patients are treated, daily, by naturopathic methods. Like the orthodox physician, the naturo-

path uses the most modern methods for examination and diagnosis of disease — but only natural methods for healing. He believes in surgery, for accidents and emergencies, but not for any and every organic malfunction. He realizes the impact, too, of emotional strain on body health, and knows that the mind needs its own nutrition, from love, hope, and faith.

Had there been no medical failures, there would have been no reason for naturopathy to take root. It is the

only science today teaching preventive therapeutics, and practicing a healing art consisting of nutritional therapy, rest, exercise, balanced emotions, care of the colon, sunshine, water applications, recreation, occupational therapy and relaxation. There is only one true immunity against disease, and that comes from abundant vitality, from clean living, proper and sufficient food, and right thinking — in short, from the application of all the principles of natural healing.

THE CASE AGAINST NATUROPATHY

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

IT MUST be admitted that the history of naturopathy is venerable. Its early roots are buried in the teachings of Hippocrates, the school of Aesculapius, and the ancient Arabian physicians. Prosper Alpinus, who visited Egypt in 1580, observed that "the people take a lukewarm bath for refreshment, often dipping themselves afterward in cool water; not only the well but those sick with fever, do this." But, in spite of its history and strong roots in science, naturopathy is a stunted tree, a dwarfed pine, whose trunk and branches are withered.

While modern medical science uses

every possible legitimate method of healing, naturopathy's adherence to a single method has left it like the petrified forest — in an embalmed state, as it was a few centuries ago. Dr. Wood's account of the history of naturopathy might very well be likened to the history of ship building as presented by a native American Indian at the time of Columbus. It is very interesting as historical fact, but it hardly provides a rational or sound basis for modern practice.

Recently, the State Board of Naturopathic Examiners in Texas defined naturopathy as "that philosophy and system of healing art embracing

prevention, diagnosis, and treatment of human ills and functions by the use of several properties of air, light, heat, cold, water, manipulation with the use of such nutritional substances as are naturally found in and required by the body, excluding drugs, surgery, roentgen and radium therapy, and the use of x-ray equipment." Please note that this definition does not refer to naturopathy as a science, for science is a harsh discipline. It demands keen observation, impersonal and unemotional acquisition of facts, logical deductions, and the application of facts to daily problems. Philosophy, on the other hand, is a less exact discipline, which can be enjoyed by those who possess no more than a comfortable chair and an agile mind. Naturopathy, in turn, can spin new fantasies about disease without *one shred of scientific evidence*.

Consider the advantages of going barefoot on wet lawns. At the same time, consider hookworm disease, a malady which has existed for thousands of years, along with naturopathy. The disease is most prevalent in equatorial regions, where there is warmth and plenty of rain. It flourishes among the poor and primitive classes of people, in rural areas where the hookworm parasite has been deposited on bare, moist ground. When such parasites come in contact with bare feet, they quickly puncture the

skin and burrow into the tissues, spreading to other parts of the body. To quote from a recent medical textbook: "Most cases of infection with any considerable number of hookworm, give a history of going barefoot and having 'ground itch' at some previous time." Thus, going barefoot, as the naturopaths recommend, can bring the anemia, weakness and palpitation of hookworm disease. To large numbers of our population, shoes have contributed more good health than all their pseudo-science.

To reject bacteria as a cause of disease is the acme of nonsense. To state as if it were an established fact the mere *belief* of Antoine Bechamp, "that all air-borne microorganisms were merely the remains of decaying vegetable and animal matter," is to deny the experience of the host of scientists who have independently established the fact that germs cause certain diseases. The theory of "spontaneous generation" — that germs can rise from non-living matter, or from material free from germs or spores — is a delusion that was laid low about two centuries ago. Any student familiar with elementary biology can easily set up a variety of experiments to prove that "spontaneous generation" does not exist. Germs come from other germs. Experimental animals, bred in a germ-free atmosphere, will never develop bacteria as

outgrowths of their own living cells. Shall we trust the belief of one man, or shall we accept the findings of countless scientific experiments?

According to Dr. Wood, "medicine teaches that bacteria are the primary cause of disease." This premise, of course, is false. Medicine teaches that there are *many* causes of disease. A recent scientific textbook devotes one section to infectious disease, but it also includes diseases due to allergy, physical agents, chemical agents, intoxications, deficiencies, and faulty metabolism. Medicine has always realized that the cause of disease is multiple. It is naturopathy that has oversimplified the whole problem. To use a rough analogy, medicine is the artist who uses all the known pigments, while naturopathy has but one color — a sickly green — with which to portray the whole spectrum of disease.

The contention of naturopathy, that the primary cause of disease is violation of nature's laws, is really begging the question. How does the naturopath know what nature's laws are? What experiments have naturopaths conducted? What observations have they made? Drinking from typhoid-ridden streams, living with smallpox victims, or wearing the flea-infested clothes of a typhus victim — such exposures to contagious disease would never be harmless if fol-

lowed only by hot baths, lemon juice and colonic irrigation. Good nutrition may well be a basis for good health, but a decent respect for the deadly potentialities of certain germs is also necessary.

II

It is medicine, not naturopathy, that has made nutrition a science instead of a conjecture. Today we know the exact nature of vitamins, minerals, calories, proteins, carbohydrates and fats, because of the painstaking and careful work of medical scientists. The naturopath has never defined the specific cause or cure of such deficiency diseases as rickets, scurvy, pellagra or beri-beri. His analogy between a single cell and a man is quite ingenious, but cells like men can be overwhelmed by a variety of disasters, including poor nutrition, for which naturopaths have no remedy.

Yet they polish their halos because of their simon-pure rejection of remedies that they consider dangerous — the "second great difference" between regular medicine and naturopathy. Their argument is easily answered, since many of the "drugs" which doctors use so successfully are merely compounds found in nature, but extracted and purified so that a small amount does great good. Digitalis, for example, is derived from a plant called foxglove. In heart failure, one

may either swallow a small digitalis pill each day, or mix oneself a naturopathic brew of foxglove, in the same way that the old woman of Shropshire did in the middle of the eighteenth century. For pneumonia, a patient may take penicillin by eating mouldy cheese, but why not take it in tablet form or by injection? Women who are afflicted with menopause have a choice of taking purified ("dangerous") hormone pills from their regular doctors, or feeding on the ovaries of cows and other animals. Everyone knows that such pills are in no way dangerous when properly used, that they are derived from natural sources, and that they are much easier on the patient's æsthetic sensibility, besides improving his health.

The statement that the allopathic physician "suppresses" all diseases, but does not cure them, is without factual basis. The child with rickets can be cured by suitable administration of Vitamin D. Better still, the regular physician, by methods of immunization, is able to prevent disease before it starts. With the limited weapons at their command, the naturopaths can do nothing to prevent lockjaw, smallpox, whooping cough or diphtheria. As a matter of fact, although the point is not stressed in Dr. Wood's article, naturopaths have often both secretly and publicly opposed the immunizing procedures

that have already kept so many of our children well.

According to the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1949 was a year of record-breaking low mortality. Diphtheria claimed the lives of only two children out of every million persons in this country, and whooping cough killed only three. This has been accomplished by the injections of the very "poisons" which the naturopaths despise. In 1948, there were only 59 cases of smallpox reported in the United States, which is a new low record. Only ten years ago, 14,939 cases of smallpox were reported. "The American people," the company reports, "cannot afford to be complacent about smallpox as long as there is a single case of the disease within our borders. Even when the disease is completely wiped out, vaccination and revaccination must continue in order to guard against a possible flare-up."

It is disheartening, therefore, to learn from some patients who have visited naturopaths that immunization procedures are either ignored or frankly thwarted. For example, one patient of mine consulted me not long ago about the necessity of immunizing her child against smallpox. She had been told by a naturopath that the injection of smallpox vaccine was equivalent to a dose of a lethal drug.

Her "doctor" had then faked the immunizing procedure by simply scarring her upper arm, which evaded the law and enabled her to go to school. She had intended to have the same thing done to her child, but the immunizing process was properly performed, on the insistence of her husband.

If this contempt for the established measures of preventive medicine is universal amongst naturopaths, drastic housecleaning is in order. The only reason that we have avoided most of the serious pandemics is that most people have sense enough to believe in orthodox medicine. The naturopaths and their gullible victims are not afflicted with smallpox because the rest of the world remains immune and the disease fails to spread. The same criticism can be leveled against the naturopath's advocacy of raw cow's milk. Upon superficial examination of the cow, even the skilled veterinarian has no way of knowing whether the animal is afflicted with a serious disease, such as tuberculosis. Veterinarians can decide this only by injecting into the cow a substance called tuberculin. If a red blotch appears at the site of the injection, the cow has tuberculosis. Unless cattle are so tested, their milk can be a serious source of the disease. Consequently, the practice of drinking raw cow's milk, without scientific scrutiny of the animal

from which the milk is derived, should be universally and vociferously condemned.

Even if raw milk is obtained from tuberculin-tested cows, it still must be pasteurized to safeguard health. Unpasteurized milk has been the source of thousands of epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, dysentery and undulant fever. If the naturopaths were to have their way, the health of our nation, which has been so carefully protected and enhanced since the era of scientific medicine, would be reduced to primitive chaos.

III

The condemnation of antipyretics by the naturopaths is silly. I, for one, would prefer aspirin for a headache to colonic irrigation. The convenience and effectiveness of such coal-tar drugs is universally recognized, and since tons of aspirin are sold each year, any toxic effects would be readily apparent. It must be emphasized, however, that the aim of regular medicine does not lie in suppressing all fevers. Doctors do not rely on salicylates to cure pneumonia. They use the sulphas or penicillin, chemicals which kill the germs and thereby get at the *cause* of the fever. Suppression of fever is an old, pre-scientific doctrine. The aim today in the treatment of typhoid fever, for instance, is not to bring the temperature down,

but to rid the body of typhoid bacilli. In septicemic blood poisoning, where the temperature may be high, the regular physician resorts neither to salicylates nor colonic irrigations, since neither would rid the bloodstream of deadly germs — for if germs are rampant in the bloodstream, what naturopath can flush them out through the rectum?

Dr. Wood states that naturopaths believe “in allowing the fever to run its course, providing the vitality of the patient will stand it.” If a mild fever is caused by some minor infection, even a regular doctor will not be overly concerned. The point of the matter is this — what does the naturopath do *when the vitality of the patient does not withstand the fever?* Does he still let it run its course? Does he give up and call in a regular physician, or continue to use colonic irrigations? It is precisely in this situation that regular medicine overshadows any of the fringe cults.

The practice of colonic irrigation raises a few questions in this connection. In the first place, to define colonic irrigation as a “natural” method of healing is to make a farce of the term *natural*. Where else in nature is the irrigation of hot or cold water through the rectum and colon a *natural* procedure? Is this type of treatment more natural than the injection of liver for pernicious anemia,

or the use of insulin in diabetes? One could hardly conceive of a more unnatural act or a more needless one than irrigation of the colon. Nature has provided the colon with its own lubricants, its own bulk and its own physiological mechanisms. If anything, colonic irrigation upsets normal physiology.

Though the problem of toxin in the colon may still be debatable, Dr. Henry L. Bockus discounts it in his recent book, *Gastro-enterology*. “Under ordinary circumstances,” he writes, “bacteria in the colon cannot be looked upon as harmful enemies of the body. Few if any of the organisms commonly present in the colon produce soluble toxins.” Thus, modern medicine holds that most bacteria in the lower intestinal tract are either harmless or useful. Flushing them out, if such were possible, is conducive only to the betterment of the naturopath’s pocketbook.

Their very technique is doubtful, according to the medical text, *Methods of Treatment*, by Drs. Clendening and Hashinger. They state that “The high enema or high colonic irrigation is supposed to be given with the tube pushed past the sigmoid into the colon. As Soper has shown, this is seldom possible; he inserted colon tubes, injected them with barium and took x-rays; he found that the colon tubes curled up in the rectum.” This is the

scientific evidence. One might state that colonic irrigations at best are an expensive and complicated method of giving an ordinary enema.

Hydrotherapy has had its advocates even in the medical profession. One such notable physician was Dr. Simon Baruch, father of elder statesman Bernard Baruch. He had spent a lifetime studying the virtues of water, and was particularly interested in the establishment of public baths. Even naturopaths would have to admit him as one of their allies, yet he states in his writings that "the modern practitioner happily owes allegiance to no school, and is not under the thrall of any authority." For him, hydrotherapy was to be used along with other established methods of management; it was not a cult.

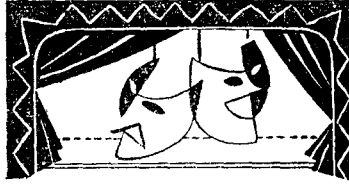
There is something to be said for colonic irrigation, in regard to physiotherapy. In his book on that subject, Dr. Richard Kovacs lists impactions and threatened obstructions of the large bowel, preparation for surgery, preparation for fever therapy and certain parasitic infections of the bowel, as indicative of the need for such irrigation. He also regards it as a diagnostic aid in disturbances of the alimentary tract. In Dr. Frank H. Krusen's recent book on physical

medicine, there is a short paragraph on colonic irrigations in which he states that the procedure is needed in "few instances." But nothing more can be said in its favor.

As for Dr. Wood's record of the remarkable cures of naturopathy in serious medical conditions, they can be dismissed as enthusiasm rather than evidence of a controlled and unbiased demonstration of healing. No one can deny his ability to dramatize a medical history, but an astrologer could get together a similar group of cases. The discussion of recognized medicine's opposition to naturopathy is also emotional, rather than rational. Medicine condemns naturopathy because it has not demonstrated any significant contribution to the healing arts. As for the Drug Trusts and their position on socialized medicine, one can only state that no other organization has been more *opposed* to socialized medicine. Drug manufacturers realize that socialized medicine would crush individuality for the sake of uniformity. With their interest in proprietary medicine, they would have nothing to gain by socialization, and they know it. It is unfortunate that these facts have escaped the attention of both Dr. Robert Wood and Mr. Morris A. Bealle.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



CLINICAL NOTES

Pronunciations. One of the most amusing things about stage directors is the pains they take in seeing to it that all the characters in a play pronounce exactly an unusual word, particularly if it be a proper name and foreign. Nothing could be less in keeping with fact, and sillier. People, even people of education and experience, seldom pronounce any such word uniformly. Take, for instance, the name Marseilles. To make all the characters in a play, unless they are French, pronounce it as Marsay is an affectation and fraudulent. Surely at least one would pronounce it Marsales, another Marsale, and a third only God knows how. A group of people rarely pronounces even such a simple English word as "interesting" in precisely the same way. Let's have more factual and honest duplication of general speech on the stage and fewer of these high-school classroom exercises.

Mr. Eliot. T. S. Eliot is the latest to have at the drama critics. Following the lead of some other playwrights and some composers, he announces "the need for training professional critics of the poetic drama, for very few dramatic critics are especially equipped at present for this task." The only answer the critics can make is to announce the need for training professional poets like Eliot in the composition of drama, for very few of them have proved themselves especially equipped at present for the task.

In the three plays he has thus far written — *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party*, which is his latest — Eliot clearly shows that dramaturgy is an art and craft still beyond his capabilities. He knows the embellishments but not the elementals. In the case of his third and most recently produced play, he has been criticized for the "elusiveness" of his ideas. His ideas are not elusive, since they are for the

greater part fundamentally platitudes tricked out with the parsleys of mysticism. What is elusive is his dramatic statement of them, which, grounded as it is on wobbly, incomplete and opaque dramaturgy, remains clouded with the damp mists of a still amateurish craftsmanship.

Furthermore, Eliot's religious philosophy, insofar as one can penetrate its opium smoke, in this latest play suggests that of a sophomore Episcopalian boning up for examinations in the higher Catholicism; and his sexual philosophy is no less that of a man whose dalliance with women seems to have been confined to hand-holding in an ivory tower. As an example, consider his treatment of what is really his principal distaff character. He presents us with a young and obviously inexperienced beautiful young woman who has been having a passionate affair with a married man which, she hopes, will ultimately lead, after his conjectural divorce, to marriage. When he informs her that he can not and will not marry her and that their affair must end, she hastens distraught to an all-wise psychiatrist, vaguely identified as the Deity. To him she woefully confides that something has gone out of her and that never again, she feels, can she give love or receive it, that, in short, the love impulse has died within her. The all-wise one thereupon advises her that there is

but one means for her salvation, and that is in self-sacrifice. He dispatches her, accordingly, to a savage, plague-ridden land in the East where she selflessly serves the mortally ill and is rewarded for her pains by being crucified by the natives.

Passing over the largely irrelevant Saviour analogy, what have we here? We have, plainly, bosh sprinkled with mystic cologne. The young woman's conviction that her disappointment and grief have permanently made her immune to love has been the conviction of thousands of sensitive young women who have experienced the same doubts since almost the world began. What she needed was not a psychiatrist with his rigmarole of self-sacrifice but rather a period, more or less indefinite, of waiting until memory became less acute and bitter and until another man came along and made her forget and reawakened love in her. But that is too simple for Eliot, and too unintelligible. He must needs climb stairs backwards and on his knees, with a punk stick in his hand.

* * *

Faith and Dollars. I am told that the hardest thing on Broadway is to promote backing for a religious play, since it is an enduring belief on that cultured highway that such a play seldom succeeds. It is true that Biblical plays have not been particularly successful in bringing in profits, but

there is a marked difference between such plays and plays that deal with religious subjects. The latter species have been among the money-makers for more than a half century. *Ben Hur*, as everyone should know, was one of the most valuable properties the theatre has known. *Quo Vadis* was a mint. *The Servant in the House* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* achieved large success. *The Shepherd King* played for years, as did *The Sign of the Cross*. *The Miracle* filled theatres. The short *The Little Father of the Wilderness* ran on and off for many seasons. And what of a variety of others like *The Wanderer*, *Sister Beatrice*, *Mary of Magdala*, *The Eternal City*, *The Christian*, *Richelieu*, and *Shadow and Substance*? Were they rank failures?

* * *

Youth, Age, and Actresses. The extraordinarily convincing acting by Lilli Palmer of the sixteen year old Cleopatra in the recent revival of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* reminds me that Harold Hobson, dramatic critic for the London *Sunday Times*, has lately and concurringly taken up the general topic of older actresses' attempts to play youthful rôles, on which I have in the past frequently and, I fear, not always too chivalrously, held forth. "Normally," he writes, "the ages of stage characters aren't important. Nobody cares that Juliet is fourteen and Shakespeare's Cleo-

patra forty. Egypt's queen answers to the most juvenile and undignified of epithets, and practically the only desirable quality that can't be found in the speeches of the little girl from Verona is youthful innocence. But that Natalia Petrovna is twenty-nine is the essence of Turgenev's [immediately considered] play, *A Month in the Country*."

After acutely describing the character in relevant detail, he observes that Michael St. Denis, the producer and director, does not, however, seem to see things that way and "has apparently directed the play after reading the life insurance tables and discovering we are all much younger than we used to be." While, with due politeness, he does not specify the age of Miss Angela Baddeley who has been entrusted with the rôle, he with even more politeness attributes a share of his dubiety to the cosmetics and costumes with which she has fortified herself, as well as to the aforesaid and acquiescent direction.

"This charming and agreeable actress," he elaborates, "no doubt discouraged by the old-maidish laces she is made to wear, and choked by the powder plastered on her, acts much below her usual standard. She causes Natalia to mope and moan around, looking as woebegone as a circus clown and as white as the Arctic wastes, groaning and glooming for

someone to fall in love with. Whilst her sentimental friend Rakitin reads *Monte Cristo* aloud, she lies on a divan for all the world as if life were slowly ebbing from her, feebly fluttering a handkerchief like a piece of clockwork machinery that is running down. When she walks across the room, she staggers from object to object, clutching with equal fervor her heart, her waistline, or the furniture. This is very good melodramatic farce, but very poor Turgenev. Miss Baddeley and Mr. St. Denis must quickly make up their minds which it is they really want. If it is Turgenev, the performance must be remodeled down to the last tuck in Natalia's petticoat."

"The eye," he firmly concludes, "has its rights, and in this production they are disregarded to an extent that genius might excuse but nothing else can."

Though agreeing with Mr. Hobson in general, I think it possible that the director was perhaps not so greatly to blame, since not even the best of directors, if that genius is not present in an actress, can well disguise unmistakable age as verdant youth. Nor, for that matter, save in the rarest cases, can the actress herself. I have been looking at stages all over the world for many, many years now and in all that time have seen, aside from Miss Palmer, only two American actresses of mature years, only one

French, and only one English who have succeeded in picturing a young girl with any degree of conviction. (Matching Mr. Hobson's good manners, I shall not name them, thus sparing the feelings of all the numerous others who have been able to do nothing of the kind.) It is not too difficult for a film actress no longer young to pass herself off as a dewy maiden with the tricky aid of the camera, but the average stage actress, denied such charitable assistance, is able to do so only if her audience is composed of persons afflicted with astigmatism complicated by conjunctivitis, whatever her quota of technical aptitude.

It is, of course, possible for a talented stage actress of, say, thirty or thirty-five to play a girl in her twenties with some measure of persuasion, that is, if in addition to talent she has been treated kindly by nature. But only in the most unusual and exceptional cases can she play a girl in even her later teens. Actresses of some definite maturity have played such young girls with both high technical proficiency and with charm of person, but all the same have called upon a considerable remission of judgment as to obvious age difference if their performances were to be fully acceptable.

It is true that some women do not look their ages, but it has never been my happy experience to encounter a woman who looked, at most, more

than five or six years younger than she factually was. That is, if you studied her closely. Since most of our present day theatres are of the intimate kind, the actress on the stage is brought within range of such close study, and to her pictorial misfortune. The face, aided by artful makeup and stage lighting, may conceivably pass muster. But the hair, for all the application of miracle tints and washes, has not the youthful lustre; the body misses the natural rubberiness of youth; and the bearing fails to counterfeit the careless grace of younger years. The voice may still have the Springtime in it; the heart may still be dancing around the

Maypole; but the eyes, however stimulated with belladonna, are the eyes of age, and the look in them is the more knowing look of age, and the mind operating behind the youthful lines of dialogue is no longer the mind of youth.

In life, it does not much matter; it is, in fact, often a virtue and maybe even a blessing. But in the world of make-believe it does not make for belief. On the stage or off it remains ever the better part of critical comfort to heed the injunction of the late Wilson Mizner: "When a woman tells you her age, it's all right to look surprised, but don't scowl."

I CAN REMEMBER

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

I can remember how I felt
Those days when I was sure
That friendship was for-granted wealth
And certain to endure.

I can remember when the right,
The permanent, the good,
Were clear-defined to touch and sight
And simply understood.

Although I trust a bending bough
Above a vast unseen,
It helps me to remember now
What certainties can mean.

MRS. WARING MEETS THE PRESS

Mrs. J. Waties Waring, wife of a Federal judge in South Carolina, has been stirring up a hornet's nest in the South by her vigorous attack on white supremacy, and the mounting controversy has made headline news all over the nation. She appeared on a recent NBC telecast of Meet the Press, and she discussed in detail many of her ideas. Her remarks are here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the telecast, aside from Mrs. Waring, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald*, Mary Cottrell of the Greenville (S. C.) *News*, Edward Jamieson of the Houston *Chronicle*, and Louis Lautier of the Atlanta *Daily World*. Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*, presided.

SPIVAK: From all indications, Mrs. Waring, you touched the South to the quick. They are up in arms not only about you, but about your husband. The United Press reports that petitions are being circulated for your husband's impeachment because, and I quote, "Through his wife, he openly advocated dissension and revolution on the part of the Negro citizens against the white citizens of South Carolina." Judge Waring, who outlawed South Carolina's white primary, has in turn welcomed any such investigation. And now if you're ready, who has the first question?

COTTRELL: Mrs. Waring, you charged in your speech before the YWCA group in Charleston that the whites down here are a sick, confused and decadent people; and that like all decadent people, they are full of pride and complacency, introverted, morally weak and low. What brought you to this drastic conclusion?

WARING: Living there and observing them. Any people who enslave the minds and bodies of another people are bound to destroy their own souls.

COTTRELL: This so-called shock treatment which you gave the people in your speech has resulted in these petitions being circulated against Judge Waring, saying that you advocate revolution. Do you really advocate revolution?

WARING: If you read my speech, I don't think there's any place in there that could be misconstrued to mean that. I did say that it was a cold war, but they would conduct

it in the kindly Christian way in which they have heretofore behaved.

CRAIG: Mrs. Waring, were you referring only to Charleston, or South Carolina, or to all of the South?

WARING: I said the "deep South"; in fact, to the point of repetition, and by that I placed the present Mason-Dixon line between South and North Carolina. I think that the University of North Carolina, possibly by progressive influence, has pushed the line south. In spite of the Byrd machine, there is an opposition in Virginia. There's definitely an opposition in North Carolina. But in our part, we're an exact replica of the Russian government. We are just one party with a very powerful Gestapo.

CRAIG: You are yourself a New Englander, are you not?

WARING: I was born in Detroit, Mich., but I believe I'm now a Southerner such as yourself. You still are a Southerner though you've lived in Maine, Mrs. Craig. I suppose that the charge that I come out of New England is true because my first American ancestor was in Ipswich, Mass., before Charleston was founded.

CRAIG: May I ask how long you have been in Charleston?

WARING: I lived there three years before I married the Judge. I've

been married to the Judge five years. That's eight years.

CRAIG: Don't you think that you cause a little resentment, perhaps, as a New Englander coming down to the South and trying to judge and to speak to the people there? Do you think that might hurt your cause?

WARING: I don't call it my cause. I call it the Negro cause. However, there are plenty of Southerners who are with us. Some of our most encouraging letters have come from white Southerners.

CRAIG: Don't you think it might be better if some of those forward-looking Southerners led the movement rather than yourself?

WARING: Wonderful, Mrs. Craig. Excellent. That's what I've been waiting for, and so has the Judge. But nobody speaks up. And unfortunately it's a little like our government. When nobody speaks up in our government, the courts have to do things such as my husband did.

LAUTIER: Mrs. Waring, what has been the effect of your husband's decision holding that Negroes cannot legally be barred from voting in democratic primaries in South Carolina?

WARING: It has brought about a very interesting case of appeasement. They are trying very hard

to buy the Negroes down there now with appeasement methods, a little handout here and there, the be-good-to-animal-week kind of thing. But that vote is going to make them stronger. Already, in Columbia, S. C., some of them have been placed in public office. In the next election, when they hope to register some two or three hundred thousand Negroes, the politicians will take notice of them.

LAUTIER: What has been the effect of that decision upon you and Judge Waring?

WARING: It certainly has been an education to us. We started reading after the school teacher case, which came before our marriage, when he gave the school teachers equal pay. Since then we have been doing a cram-course study of Myrdal, Cash, and all the scientific writers in the South.

LAUTIER: Has that decision aroused hatred of you and your husband among the white people of South Carolina?

WARING: Very definitely, Mr. Lautier. A very little teeny-weeny group ostracized us because of our divorce; they wanted to set the clock back. South Carolina didn't have divorce laws then, but it now has them. They came a couple of years after our marriage. But the entire state ostracizes us. No white

person has dared to put their foot in our front door since the Judge's primary decision, which came two years after we were married. Those who would like to are afraid. *Time* magazine calls him the man they love to hate. I call him the man they're afraid not to hate.

JAMIESON: Do you know that the Classic case, which was decided by the Supreme Court in 1941, gave the Negro the right to vote in a democratic primary? Do you think your husband had any other choice but to make his decision in 1948?

WARING: I don't think so, but the Southern gentlemen do. They say that my husband was not a gentleman to do as he did; that he should not have given them the vote, but let the upper courts cross him, as any gentleman would have done. In other words, their interpretation of the Southern gentleman is a man who double-crosses his oath of office, double-crosses his government, and certainly betrays his ideals as a Christian.

COTTRELL: What is your reaction to the recent story by Hodding Carter that your Charleston speech was Bilboism in reverse?

WARING: I think it's a tragic example of what I call the most dangerous element we have to face, the Southern parlor liberal. They are far more dangerous to us than the

white supremacist. The white supremacist is like a gangster, unmoral, ruthless, sadistic, completely selfish. He is so unmoral he doesn't know any better. But the liberal, the Southern liberal, likes to talk about it. He knows better, but he is like the man in the Bible, his last state is worse than his first.

COTTRELL: In looking for reasons behind your crusade, Mr. Carter said your trouble is neither political nor clinical, but social, inferring that you and the Judge are getting even with your fellow Charlestonians. Do you feel that you're getting even or do you honestly feel that you're promoting better social relations in the South?

WARING: That's rather two questions in one. I answered the first one. It was just a little handful of people at first. But if you mean revenge, they've done me the greatest kindness. I think of the suffragists in England in 1914 who were put in jail, each one in a separate cell with a Bible. It turned out to be perhaps the happiest experience any woman could have in her life, with such a good book as the Bible. To be with my husband alone is, I can assure you, a wonderful experience. I have no desire for revenge. I'm exceedingly happy. But my cause, I can assure you, would not make me any more popular.

COTTRELL: We've heard quite a bit about the influence you've had on your husband. Isn't it true that in the 1938 campaign of the late Senator Cotton Ed Smith, your husband was his campaign manager in the low country, and at that time the issue was white supremacy?

WARING: I have never heard that one. I have all the clippings from the paper. Of course, my husband was the issue in the last election; that was all they talked about, damning him.

COTTRELL: After Senator Smith recommended your husband in 1942, isn't it true that President Roosevelt held up the appointment for some time because of Judge Waring's activities in Cotton Ed Smith's campaign?

WARING: I don't know a thing about it. I have never heard that mentioned.

CRAIG: Mrs. Waring, are you crusading only for the Negroes' civil rights, such as the freedom to vote, freedom or safety of his person, freedom from lynching, etc., or are you for social integration? Is that what you want, too?

WARING: I want the whole thing. I want him to go through the same door, and so does the Judge. I want him to be an equal citizen. I want him to have the same opportunity, exactly the same. There's nothing

in our Constitution that made it possible for white men to decide those things.

CRAIG: Do you not see a distinction, however, between civil rights and social integration, of which —

WARING: I see none. I see none, with the immigrants that come over. I see none with anybody else.

CRAIG: Do you think you can force social relations by a law?

WARING: If you mean asking Negroes into your house, Mrs. Craig, that is an optional thing entirely.

CRAIG: That's what I'm talking about.

WARING: Well, nobody says you can have an Italian in your house or a Chinaman.

CRAIG: My original question, Mrs. Waring, was whether you were seeking only civil rights or whether you were seeking social integration.

WARING: I think they should have the same privileges. I should be able to ask them to my house, and I have asked Negroes to my house.

CRAIG: You cannot force a privilege by force, can you? You can force rights but not privileges.

WARING: I don't know what you mean. There are segregation laws. If you refer to the FEPC, if you refer to housing and those things that are the natural rights of all American citizens, I believe he should have the same rights — and

in theaters, restaurants, and hotels, too. I don't think there's any law that says you can have Negroes in your house, but there should be such a law for all public places — there is in the North — why shouldn't there be in the South?

CRAIG: I agree with you on that. Now let me ask you one more question. Serious as these discriminations are in the South, do you not think it is much more serious to have them exist in the capital city of Washington, which is an example to the world?

WARING: I certainly do. I think Washington is the greatest disgrace there is to this country. I think the subject is not even debatable.

CRAIG: If I read correctly a story about you in one of the newspapers, you blame the Republicans for a good deal of the situation now. Why do you do that, when the Democrats have been in charge here in Washington for nearly twenty years, with control of Congress, and could have eliminated a great deal of the discrimination that exists here?

WARING: I'm so glad you asked that question. I do not recall just blaming the Republicans. I did blame them for joining with the Dixiecrats in the filibuster after their protestations for civil rights, in their platform. The Democrats,

too, the politicians I'm speaking of, were dealt four aces by the election two years ago, but they have four aces and fold up and don't play. I'm sure we all are suspicious and right disgusted with the Democrats. I have never just left it with the Republicans.

LAUTIER: Mrs. Waring, are the attacks on you and your husband and the cross burnings which have occurred here in South Carolina recently attributable to such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan?

WARING: My husband definitely put it there. There were two crosses burned and we have even been told from people who have sent in word from the Klan, that it originated there. However, I think you can take the long arm of the Gestapo which starts right up here with our politicians in Washington. My most obscene letters came from Washington and South Carolina.

LAUTIER: You don't think anything will come of the petitions that have been circulated in South Carolina demanding the Judge's impeachment because of his decisions?

WARING: I'm not in a position to know whether anything would come of it. It depends upon how strong the people are in the Senate and Congress in their desire. Our cause is bigger than ourselves. My

husband has stated unequivocally that he welcomes an airing of the subject.

LAUTIER: What is the attitude of the better element of white people in South Carolina toward you and the Judge?

WARING: Now when you say better element, I want to say there is a better element, a little handful of people, but they are not organized. You can pick Lillian Smith in Georgia, and Myles Horton in Tennessee. You may take Maxie Collins in the center of our state, leader of the grass roots movement. He's been sold down the river by politicians but he's back with a stronger movement than ever. He was a Truman Democrat and a believer in Truman's civil rights program, and he is out fighting again. My husband and I are all alone in the low country. We're really more pitiful and solitary. That's why we need the help of the North, because in the underground of Europe at least they were organized. The better element we receive letters from. Ministers come up and whisper to us that they're for us, but their congregations would cut their throats if they spoke out.

LAUTIER: Mrs. Waring, what's been the reaction of the local press to your campaign?

WARING: The local press — I like the

word "deep South press" — has unfortunately sunk below the level of the people. It's strongly a propaganda organ for the Dixiecrat movement. But the Charleston *News & Courier's* editorial, which I would like the privilege of reading here, might interest you. "Vishinsky might serve," it says as the heading. "Rather than have the Truman program for civil rights enacted, the *News & Courier* would welcome Andrei Vishinsky to a seat in the U. S. Senate as a filibusterer against it."

CRAIG: Mrs. Waring, you have said that you were for FEPC, which would forbid discrimination in employment. Now do you remember that not so long ago President Truman, after the people were criticizing his military aide General Vaughan, got up in public and said that no so-and-so was going to tell him whom to hire. Why do you think that employers in general should have to be told whom to hire?

WARING: I can't speak for President Truman. I don't pretend to be on the inside and understand his mind. I do know that he's the only President of the U. S. who has had the courage to take a stand on civil rights. I know that until he spoke of civil rights in the convention, it was a dead thing. When he spoke

of civil rights, he brought fire to the Democratic convention. He didn't speak of civil rights until the end of his campaign, and that's what pulled him out and into the front as a brave man.

CRAIG: As a matter of fact, Mrs. Waring, wasn't the President satisfied with quite a weak civil rights program, and wasn't it Humphrey of Minnesota that put it through on the floor of the convention?

WARING: I'm a great admirer of Humphrey. But he's had his difficulties, too, I would say. I can't speak for Truman. I don't know. Those who trust him believe that he is sincerely for us, and I think he's given us considerable evidence.

COTTRELL: Mrs. Waring, in what is called a prize interview by Mr. John H. McCray of Columbia, he tells of being in your home and seeing on the table in your living room, your drawing room, a picture of Walter White and his wife. Now since the head of the NAACP is married to a white woman, does this mean that you favor intermarriage of the races, which is illegal in South Carolina?

WARING: I certainly do. My husband is a U. S. Judge and we believe that our state should be a part of the U. S. and not have separate laws. I see no reason if they choose to marry why they shouldn't.

COTTRELL: Do you have any political ambition, Mrs. Waring? Would you like to run for Congress?

WARING: I'm 55 years old and my husband is 70. I very much doubt whether we'd start that now. Won't somebody ask me about outside interference? That's what all the South talks about. May I ask, would someone ask me that question?

LAUTIER: Mrs. Waring, if the Southern states do not exercise their rights and correct evils and injustices in matters of civil rights, do you think the Federal Government should step in?

WARING: If you were in a coöperative apartment, 48 apartments, and two or three of them caught fire and nobody did anything about it in those apartments — they kept shouting leave us alone, leave us alone, we'll manage it ourselves — and the fire began spreading, would you occupants of the rest of those apartments go up with a hose and put it out? Aren't you afraid that we're juggling with the rights of the Negro race and the destiny of

humanity if you leave them alone?

CRAIG: Mrs. Waring, I'm interested in your defense of the right of anybody to marry whom they please, and I agree with you on that. I think you should be allowed to marry anybody you want to marry. But why, then, do you follow through into the FEPC to force an employer to hire certain persons whom he may deem unfit?

WARING: I don't know that the FEPC does say unfit. I think they merely say — I have not frankly read the law, but my understanding is that the Negro simply has equal opportunity according to his merit, with the white man or any other race.

CRAIG: There are many, you know, who hold it to be quite unconstitutional. Senator Taft will vote for cloture, but will not vote for FEPC.

WARING: I've never been able to find out just what Mr. Taft is going to vote for. I'm sure I couldn't fathom his mind.

SPIVAK: I'm sorry. That's all the time we have.



THE ESPALIER

A STORY

BY ESTHER PATT

THE story of the espalier must begin with my uncle, who accepted wealth as he accepted the blue grass on his savanna and the egg in the cup at breakfast, and he wore wealth as simply as he wore good grooming. It was respected and cared for like his good name — and beyond this forgotten. Camie was his life — her whim his command.

"She is a 'Duchess of Towers' " he had said with his detached voice — the voice of a visionary — and he had gone on to remark: "*Peter Ibbetson* was one of few books I read as a youngster." He had made this statement when I was almost twelve, and he must have been — forty-five. But even at twelve I had realized that his was an exciting age — he was strong, and grayed enough to be distinguished. He was my beau, and I knew no jealousy of "the duchess" — the prerogative of a child's being in love with an adult. Your romance

may have his romance, and still be a romance without complications. Far from Lilliputian, I recall going at once to the adult stacks at the library for a copy of the book. The size of it was appalling, but I read it in great gulps, and tried "dreaming true," with ankles crossed and all powers of concentration glued to my uncle — or Wally Reid, or perhaps both. It never did any good.

I missed entirely the comparison he had made, and it is only today that I realize what he meant — and having seen his grave, and visited Cameo Chapel, I will be content to sleep through the trip to the city.

Right now, the cable in my purse — and that mound of flowers still fresh and persistent with death — I realize an astounding fact that I only wish I might share with him. Standing there by the graves I could not help thinking how much another summer had meant to all of us.

ESTHER PATT lives in Kansas City, where she is a special underwriter for an indemnity company. This is her first published story.

Even in those formal years when I was a child — and children were seen more and heard less — I was the incongruous one, the oddity who called my aunt and uncle by their given names. He was Ray and she Camie.

Looking back I see her through a kind of fourth dimension where the continuation of space and time merge the somersault view of childhood with my adult outlook on her profoundness. She was fresh solidity and eagerness caught with intangible elements — she was his second wife, and they had spent a year in France. I recall that she had been enormously fascinated by the espaliers that clung in patterns to the walls of cottages and castles, bearing fruit, she said, unknown to trees in their natural state.

One evening, shortly after their return, she asked him if they might plant one. “Just one —” she said, glancing at the wall that made the garden private. “Our symbol of the life I’ll make for you. Only the best, Ray — only the finest — planned just for you.” He caught her wrists, drawing her into that envied circle of his arms. An angular thirteen, I pulled my limbs together as best I could and dropped quietly out of the world where I had never been — dropped clear to my bike and on to town, and home. Had I witnessed Jacob’s vision, or the Annunciation,

or Juliet’s balcony scene, I couldn’t have been more greatly moved. Theirs was a perfect devotion. When I got home I took off my clothes and lay on my bed in the moonlight. I didn’t know why I cried.

Late that fall the new tree came. I went out to watch the planting. Tree selection was a “sealed book,” according to Ray, and so he had wired the best nursery on the west coast to send dwarf stock, already shaped — and a man to plant it.

I must confess I couldn’t share Camie’s enthusiasm in the odd symmetrical arrangement of limbs at right angles that was a tree — so they said. Actually it was a palmette verrier — an eight-arm masterpiece of espalier art in a good table apple. A well formed three-year-old and already bearing, according to the planter. He assured us that the sap is stronger flowing directly up, and ascends the vertical limbs easily.

“Fine, big apples,” he said confidently, wiping his face.

I watched him drive spikes into the south wall. “Star drills don’t mar the brick —” he said, and he tied the elbows of the tree to the spikes with raffia. “This one will see *many* years,” he remarked, with gardener’s pride. But it wasn’t till spring that the tree caught my fancy —

Camie had spent a part of the

winter reading the art of fruit gardening set down by a writer from another era — Patrick Barry — and one April morning I found her spreading wood ashes generously. The tree was truly beautiful, and we stood back to admire it.

"The buds could be pink bisque — and the shining leaves look porcelain, don't they?" she asked me. She was very pleased.

I nodded, linking my arm in hers. "It's beautiful —" I said. I was a new fourteen, tall for my age, and since I was wearing my first long dress I felt very grown up, so I said, "Your life must be like that."

She turned to look fully at me, and I felt my face throb with that quick warmth. I went on — stubbing my tongue on each word — "Like the tree — planned — and — and beautiful —"

"Blessed baby —" she said, stroking my right temple so gently with her forefinger, "Were you with us?"

"Yes," I said.

She pressed my arm affectionately. "Ray thinks I'm special," she said, looking fondly at the tree. Her eyes shone with its effect. "There's just one thing, Tink — just one thing — I shouldn't speak of it to you," she said, "but you seem so grown up today." She smoothed my sash.

I waited, not knowing what for.

Without further hedging she said, "Ray and I want a baby."

"Well?" I said, thinking that should be simple.

She reminded me that they'd been married more than two years — that she was thirty-six. Then she said, "It would seem I were fourteen and you thirty-six," and she laughed.

We had moved to the table on the terrace, and she poured tea for us. I looked into the cup and I said, "You will have *many* children — a boy and a girl!"

"Bless you —" Camie said.

II

Those days went quickly, exams fading to a whole vacation of croquet and tennis — and chatter with my friends over lemonades. The romantic feeling for my uncle dimmed as though it had never been. Even Wally Reid flamed no more, and we began murmuring over cherry phosphates about Valentino. Days made of quick opinions — desire shifting under new, small heels; the urge to be actress, ballerina, poet — to be married — an "affair" would be exciting! Perhaps to be noble was best — I might renounce the world and become a nun!

Funny young thing that I was, my unswerving idols remained my idols. They were romantically unequalled, far surpassing Mama and Papa, who

were "family" — exacting — and a little cross sometimes. Besides, to associate love-making with Mama and Papa was, after all, a little profane.

It was different with Ray and Cameo.

One afternoon when we were having iced tea on the terrace, Ray drove up. The Marmon was a beauty, and I hoped he would let me drive sometime. I'd be the envy of my set. Shoving the door, he waved to me, and then bent over Camie.

"I'll have a bite," he said, and held his lips against her cheek. The tiny tickle in my stomach was enormous when his lips slid over to her mouth and covered it. Camie looked well-loved. She spilled a little of the tea she poured for him.

He helped himself to sugar and said, "How's my other girl?"

"Fine as fiddles," I said.

He lowered his glass. "What do you say we welcome Tink to the inner circle?" he said to Camie.

She smiled at him, apparently pleased that his arm stretched along the bench and his fingers rested on her arm. "Tink," he said warmly, "Camie and I have an order in for our first baby."

A piece of ice slid down my throat. "Golly — that's *wonderful*!" I said. We were very close then — Ray patting my shoulder and Camie smoothing his hair and kissing me all at once.

It's indescribable, my gladness for them!

Soon after this Mama and I helped Camie plan the nursery. Mama didn't stay with it very long, since Camie was imaginative where Mama was practical. For instance, Mama frowned on the bassinette — Swiss net over shell satin. Camie had driven to Dallas, and the most exclusive shop for it.

"Mama, it's like nothing I've ever seen!" I said.

"It won't last," Mama predicted. "You've got to think of the next one," she said.

"*You* never got around to thinking of it," I said, a bit bluntly.

"Don't be fresh," Mama said.

"Of course he'll have a pony," Camie told me one day. "The finest pony with the longest tail we can find!"

"Whoa —" I said. "Aren't you a little previous?"

She laughed. "It's just that I want him to have everything as intensely as I had nothing," she said.

I must have looked my surprise. "I don't know what you mean."

"Haven't I ever told you I'm from an orphanage?" she asked me.

I remember shaking my head. It was difficult to picture Camie in an orphanage, and I didn't know just what to say.

"A cameo ring was all my mother gave me." She looked at the ring on her right hand. "I wasn't wanted," she said, "and 'Cameo' was the only name I ever had until Ray gave me his — and all it stands for." She turned to me. "I love him." She said it very simply.

She told me how when she was released, she had gone to work for the doctor who took the children's cases along with his regular practice. "I had wiped little noses and made little beds for so long it was instinctive with me," she said. "I was there a long time, until Doctor went to war. When he left I went to work for his friend — an attorney — Ray's attorney." She smiled. "That's how I met your uncle," she said.

I watched her walk alone in her special world. She included her tree in that world, placing the fruit under the leaves to increase their size, doing it as tenderly as she would cover a baby. I marveled at her.

The apples were all Camie had promised. Fortified, I waved goodbye to the family at the station. That was when I went off to school — an extravagance Mama approved. Ray had persuaded Papa and her to send me to a private school for girls in Dallas where, he said, culture would do its bit. I went eagerly — secretly impressed because the tuition was frightfully expensive.

I found this new life fascinating — getting acquainted, making friends, absorbing French, German, music and the rest — and pounding out the short nights in honest exhaustion. There was little time for letter-writing, but Camie and I managed.

Christmas at home was traditional. No changes. Camie carried herself easily despite her size. I recall taking her the most lush toy bear I was able to find. We sat on the floor on dozens of wrappings. The only clarity I can remember of that confusion was her reference to the day as the "feast of childhood, when everyone's a child." *Isn't it fine?* she said. I reached across Ray's camera and pulled out the ribbon with the poinsettias and tied her hair up with it.

Back at school the first months of the new year were quick repetitions of each other, and then one day in March — it happened. It was a short day, as always — until the wire came. A few words — and I grew up.

The train going home was a long thought — *Camie's child — still-born. . . .*

I have no wish to tell the sadness. I can only say that I lost my friends. My idols were strangers to me, and try as I would, I could not get through to them.

My inner eye kept watching that vague form that was Camie's mother with her unwanted child. It con-

trasted too sharply with the vivid one of Camie and her deep desire. A child who would have had the most love — the best care — the finest. The espalier came to my mind.

I learned from Mama that Camie would have no more children. It was not one of her own predictions, and so I had to believe it.

Camie had said, "He's an orphan, too — he lost Ray — and me." I went back to school trying hard to place my feet on ground that would not move diagonally. Later Mama wrote that they had gone to Europe. I was glad, thinking time and change would do the usual kindness. They were gone a long time.

III

I went on to university. I had many friends, but I missed the old association. Then Mama wrote that they were back, that Cameo was not herself, and Ray desperate with an insane desire to build her a chapel. What would Camie do with a chapel, Mama wanted to know. He had brought a collection of cameos — porcelain figures of the Scripture enclosed in crystal medallions. These antiques were by Chevalier de Saint Amans, and Ray intended them for the chapel. Sadly I watched through letters — watched him fight — for Camie —

When Mama wrote that the minute

church was complete, I received no invitation to see it. Being on the spot, Mama invited herself. I was eager for her letters.

It was a strange chapel, she wrote, with unusual furnishings, a kind of living-room-church — rose windows, gold stained glass — and the walls with murals of sunlit clouds were radiant. Thin columns of Carrara carved like twisted cord held the interior. A carillon was on the way from Loughborough for the bell tower — Camie tried to be pleased, Mama said.

"Tried to be pleased —" Those words would have been foreign to the Camie I had known — spontaneous and *so* in love. I knew then that desire for child-bearing couldn't be divorced from her love for Ray. I thought how deeply the broken edges of *bisque* had gone — and I hated the tree to its lowest roots! I longed to gather her against me and try to evaluate love for her — to place the beauty here and the truth there — but I knew that with Camie it would be like trying to separate the vapor of a cloud. And so, right or wrong, I stayed away.

I married — the brother of a college chum — and was on my wedding trip in Canada when Cameo died. I shall never forgive them for not telling me.

With marriage the tempo of my

life quickened and, safe in my husband's affection, it was with a detached sadness that I learned of my uncle again leaving for Europe.

Much happened in the next years, the momentous gain and loss that occur in every life. I bore the two children I had predicted for Camie — I lost my parents — the war that had ended when I was nine echoed more loudly and fiercely in the second World War. My children are in high school now, though it is difficult to realize they are the age I was when the story of the espalier began.

Just a short time ago I received the cable from the small hospital in Brittany where my uncle had been a patient for some time. He at last had joined his family. Ray who was a romantic forty-five — it was too difficult to picture him — seventy-one. It seems it was his wish for me to have the home that was his and Camie's — and the chapel. Both have been closed for years.

Such a loneliness came over me, and I wondered what I must do with Camie's treasures. Our life — my husband's and mine — is rooted in Detroit, but to sell this place would be sacrilege.

I marveled at the changes of a few brief years — and that even now, Ray's wish remained a command. Sixteen hours by plane and we placed him close to them.

And so it is that this afternoon, walking timidly through their home — timidly because years crush under small heels — I have come by chance on the thoughts that marred the years with their beauty. And I must repeat that I only wish it were possible to share them with him — with Ray who loved her.

Delaying in his study, my eye caught a first edition of *Peter Ibbetson* — copyrighted in 1891 by Harper & Brothers — publishers for the famous uncle of Daphne Du Maurier. This rang a faint bell in my memory. Taking it from its niche in the wall of books, I was held by the author's engraving, "The Duchess of Towers," and its striking resemblance to Camie . . . I heard again Ray's voice, back through the years, "*She is a 'Duchess of Towers'* —" and " '*Peter Ibbetson*' was one of few books I read as a youngster."

Lost even more poignantly in days gone by, I began to realize that actually the lives of my childhood idols had molded my own life. Unconsciously I had sought Ray's qualities in my husband, and truly and concretely, my ideals, the very beginning of mental growth — came from these favorites. With reverence I looked on the surroundings of those who had left so much of themselves in my heart. The look of Camie when she was moved — her magic and gen-

tleness — I had absorbed this, and retain it still — and with the intuition *common* to possession, instilled it in my daughters.

I started to replace the book gently. It wouldn't fit. A wedge of paper inside had dropped forward with handling. Again I pulled the volume from its shelf, and my charmed dream stepped farther into the past. Addressed to me — a letter complete to its uncanceled two-cent stamp of the 1920's. I stared at it, wondering why it hadn't reached me years before, and then with the eagerness of my youth I opened my letter from Camie. And now I know what I must do with her home —

Her characters spilled down the page — generous and unruly for one so neat as she. “— though I've never spoken of it, I've often thought of you as my mother whom I never knew — adoration in your eyes — and my oldest child, all in one. Because of this, and because I'm burst-

ing with life inside, I'm sharing my heart with you. Tink, it's *truly fine* — this having a child! I want many, and only hope by the grace of heaven I may have them — it's an only chance to be God. Words can be so pale at times! I only wish I could have you know with me the — the complete ripeness all around — like an aura — a mellow kind of aura. With my passion for apples, it's as though my tree at last is bearing! But even with all this — I suppose every mother takes funny notions, but — if I shouldn't be around when he comes — help out with him, Tink. And sometime, when he's older — tell him I said he was worth it —

“That's just a foolish notion — I *know* he'll be fine and strong, Tink — like a round little apple! And he'll cling to me until he's ripe. Read this just once, darling. Sentiment and sunlight — they're warm and intangible. And their touch must be ever so light — so just remember in your heart.”



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS MEDIUM

BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

WHEN the old Cunarder *Scythia* steamed out of Boston Harbor on November 9, 1889, none of the passengers suspected that the tall, pleasant looking woman traveling with her two young daughters was on her way to an historic rendezvous. In a brief three months she was destined to provide the world with one of the profoundest mysteries of modern psychical research.

She was Mrs. Leonora E. Piper, a simple New England woman with little formal education, married to an ordinary Boston store clerk. Born near Nashua, N. H., the fourth of six children, there was little in her childhood or young womanhood to indicate that some day she would become an object of international wonder.

During the rough voyage on the *Scythia*, Mrs. Piper more than once regretted her acceptance of an invitation to come to England so that some of her incredible phenomena could be studied closely by suspicious, scientific experts in an alien land. She knew that it would be a repetition of the

past four years on a grander scale: open suspicion, minute observations for trickery, private detectives trailing her every move, people afraid to talk openly in her presence and everyone regarding her as a strange, rather fearsome freak.

It had been that way since early 1885, when she first came to the attention of Professor William James, the great Harvard psychologist. After the birth of her first child she had visited a blind clairvoyant in Boston, renowned for his medical diagnoses. Mrs. Piper was then in frequent pain from an old coasting accident and as she listened to the old man she found herself going off into a trance. In later trances her friends found that she could accurately answer questions about friends who had died. James had heard about her from his mother-in-law, who had attended a seance. While in trance, Mrs. Piper had revealed startling familiarity with the good woman's past life.

James laughingly explained to her how unscrupulous mediums made it a

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point to do research in advance on all their clients, how they employed agents to get information from tombstones, directories and interviews with servants, and how they even secretly exchanged vital biographical data on potential clients.

Finally, annoyed that his explanations hadn't impressed his women folk, James, who was then active in the American section of the Society for Psychical Research, decided to look into the matter so that he could show these naïve women exactly how they were being hoodwinked. But after a few surprising sessions with Mrs. Piper, James was sure that more than just clever trickery was involved. His mother-in-law, for example, had for some time been looking in vain for a lost bankbook and asked Mrs. Piper where it was. The medium described the place so exactly that the book was found instantly on their return home.

Another time Mrs. Piper told James that his Aunt Kate, who was then living in New York, had died early that morning and that James would learn about it on his return home. "On reaching home an hour later," the professor noted, "I found a telegram reading as follows: 'Aunt Kate passed away a few minutes after midnight.'"

Still, it was always possible that Mrs. Piper had in some strange fash-

ion made a special investigation of the James family and was getting by with lucky guesses. So James brought a visiting professor from Oxford to a sitting *after* Mrs. Piper was already in trance. The medium gave the correct names of the Oxford don's parents, the illness from which his father was suffering at the time of his death: the fact that on Sunday evenings his family in England was accustomed to sing in his study where there was an organ; that his mother was older than his father but died after him; and that her last illness began a few days after her son's return from Switzerland.

After a number of such productive and surprising sittings James wrote: "I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

II

When the report reached the British Society for Psychical Research there were a number of lifted eyebrows and muttered comments about a man of James' intelligence being taken in so easily. Obviously, what was needed here was an *experienced* investigator, one who could show up this new American medium for the clever fraud she was. Fortunately, they had the man for the job, Dr. Richard Hodgson, a handsome, brilliant Cambridge graduate who was making a life-work of exposing "psychic" wonders.

Two weeks after he landed in Boston, Hodgson secretly arranged for his sitting with Mrs. Piper through James, who introduced him as "Mr. Smith." Mrs. Piper promptly told him his real name, the fact that his mother was alive, his father and a younger brother were dead and that there were four others in his family alive besides his mother. She spoke of a cousin Fred, who went to school with him in Australia and was great at playing leap-frog. She described the cousin's death.

That all these items were exactly true only served to convince the brusque and suspicious Hodgson that Mrs. Piper was cleverer than he had expected. He asked Mrs. Piper to reserve her sittings for him exclusively, the ten dollar fee to be paid by the Society for Psychical Research.

Hodgson promptly hired detectives who for months trailed Mr. and Mrs. Piper to see if they were doing surreptitious research — in libraries or in graveyards — on possible sitters, or if they were having someone do the work for them. He deliberately sought out sitters who had come from far places and had no ties whatever in Boston or even in New England. They would be brought into the room only after Mrs. Piper was in trance and would leave just before she came out of it. Complete stenographic records were kept of each sitting. He care-

fully checked the Piper library and papers to see if there were any directories or genealogies that might provide useful data. He brought in sitters who themselves knew nothing of what was going on until just before the appointment.

After two years of unremitting precautions and constant search for fraud, Hodgson was nearly ready to admit that perhaps, after all, Mrs. Piper did possess some supernormal powers. But there was to be one final test. He planned to remove her from her normal surroundings, place her in a foreign country where she had no friends, family or associates, then see what she could do. Mrs. Piper felt, as she told friends, that she had to go to England "in order to prove myself an honest woman."

Not until the ship stopped briefly at Queenstown for mail did Mrs. Piper get even a rough idea of her itinerary in England. From the moment she landed at Liverpool she was always under the watchful eye of some trusted member of the British Society for Psychical Research, to make sure that she couldn't get in touch with any possible assistants.

When she visited Professor Oliver Lodge — later knighted for his brilliant scientific work — even greater precautions were taken. Mrs. Lodge engaged an entire new staff of servants, none of whom had even the

vaguest knowledge of the Lodge family or their friends. Lodge locked away the family Bible and albums. He got permission to read all of Mrs. Piper's correspondence during her stay. Then, just to make doubly sure, Mrs. Piper let him search her luggage for biographies or dossiers of personal data on leading English figures. He found nothing more suspicious than a copy of *Jane Eyre*.

The British group was always rather notorious for its extreme skepticism. One wit remarked: "Our scientific reputation forces us to investigate these phenomena, but let us pray Heaven that there turns out to be nothing in them."

Once in trance, Mrs. Piper would, apparently, be taken over by a "spirit control" who called himself "Dr. Phinuit," a French physician of Metz who passed away decades ago. Phinuit's voice came through Mrs. Piper as huskily masculine and tinged with a stagey French accent. Critics were quick to point out that even elaborate research had failed to turn up any *Phinuit in Metz*, that the alleged French doctor curiously knew only as much school French as Mrs. Piper happened to know and that he didn't recognize the names of standard French drugs.

The trance itself was real enough, however. Professor James once made a small incision in Mrs. Piper's left

wrist. During the trance no notice was taken of it and it didn't bleed. But the moment the medium awoke the cut bled profusely and to this day Mrs. Piper still retains a slight scar. Professor Lodge once pushed a needle suddenly into Mrs. Piper's hand, and a French investigator once inserted a feather up her nostril. The entranced medium took no notice of either irritation.

III

After three solid months of constant investigation the members of the British group agreed that they could no longer, alas, dismiss Mrs. Piper as a fraud or a lucky guesser. But even worse, some of the members were beginning to be afraid that even mind reading wasn't the whole answer.

It's one thing if a medium tells you about things that happened to you years ago. After all, those events are part of your memory and she might be reading your mind, admittedly a fabulous skill in itself. But what if she tells you about distant members of your family that you never knew about or the exact movements of your mother who is at this moment in a distant city? Would mind-reading alone explain such wonders?

For Professor Gonner of Liverpool University she described in accurate detail exactly what his mother was

doing in her London home right up until the moment the trance began. For a German visitor to Cambridge she said: "At this moment your brother in Germany is painting a picture. I see one head. It is side face." A check revealed that his brother had been painting a profile at the time of the trance. Going still further, Mrs. Piper made some statements about her German sitter's past history which were startlingly true but which couldn't be published. Indeed, a great deal of the material she came up with during her English visit was so intimate that it had to be expunged from the careful stenographic records kept.

During this first visit to England Mrs. Piper gave 88 sittings and produced hundreds of detailed and afterwards verified facts about her sitters. In addition, Professor Lodge compiled a carefully checked list of 41 incidents in which Mrs. Piper gave facts about the sitters or their families that *were unknown to them at the time of the sittings*. Yet there were many sessions at which nothing important emerged or at which "Phinuit" was obviously fishing for information from the sitters. As a rule, the poor seances coincided with times when Mrs. Piper wasn't feeling well or was tired.

When Mrs. Piper returned to Boston early in 1890, the incredible suc-

cess of her British sittings preceded her. Although she could have asked and received great sums for sittings, Mrs. Piper was content to accept only the modest fee paid her by the investigators.

In 1892, a remarkable series of sittings occurred. In that year George Pellew, a young Boston lawyer and author, was killed in a fall. He had once attended a Piper sitting and had come away a thorough-going skeptic. About a month after his death, at a sitting attended by Dr. Hodgson and a friend of Pellew's, "Phinuit" suddenly announced that George Pellew was present and wished to communicate. Then followed a series of detailed statements about Pellew, his friends and various incidents that members of his family could and did verify.

Eventually "George Pellew" became Mrs. Piper's control and more than thirty of Pellew's friends and relatives had sittings with Mrs. Piper in the next few years. "Pellew" recognized with the proper degree of familiarity all he had known in life, and failed to recognize the 100 other persons who had been brought in deliberately by Hodgson to trip up the "spirit." Not only did "Pellew" recognize friends but he remembered their opinions, their occupations, their habits. He recalled the exact details of the construction of a friend's

summer home where he had spent many weekends. He translated a Greek phrase, composed on the spot by a classical scholar. Mrs. Piper, who never finished high school, knew no Greek. George Pellew did. He reported accurately what his father, in another city, was doing.

The Pellew sittings convinced many investigators that here, at last, was proof that spirits could return. Here, at last, they said, was communication with the dead without the tricky aid of floating trumpets in darkened rooms, phosphorescent gauze passing for ectoplasm, tilting tables or ouija boards.

But many others, more skeptical, pointed out that while these sessions indicated that Mrs. Piper might well be the possessor of almost incredible telepathic powers it didn't mean that she was getting her information from spirits. After all, they pointed out, everything that emerged in the Pellew sittings was known to at least one or more persons who were alive. Wasn't it more likely, they reasoned, that this amazing woman was able, in trance, to assemble the necessary details by telepathically picking the minds of those who had known George Pellew?

And what did the center of this world-wide controversy think of it all? "I don't know what happens when I'm in trance," she used to say.

"And I have no theories to explain the things I'm told happen during my trance."

IV

In 1898, after Mrs. Piper returned from a second impressive British visit, a new American skeptic appeared on the scene. With the secret coöperation of Dr. Hodgson, the new sitter held seventeen sessions with Mrs. Piper and took unusual precautions to make sure she wouldn't know who he was. He drove to her home in Arlington Heights near Boston in a closed carriage and put on a full face mask just before getting out. After tip-toeing into the room, he would sit behind Mrs. Piper and never utter a word.

Mrs. Piper told the mysterious visitor his name, his father's name and gave him a wealth of detail about himself and his family. For the first time in his many years of unmasking frauds, the sitter, Professor James H. Hyslop of Columbia University, found himself bewildered. Having come to scoff and expose, the calm savant, who had spent years learning the tricks of professional magicians and fake mediums, had to admit that Mrs. Piper was producing results beyond the ability of the greatest magician on earth.

The information that came through Mrs. Piper allegedly from Dr. Hys-

lop's dead father, uncles, cousins, sister and brother was sometimes easily checked with Dr. Hyslop's own knowledge of his family, but most of the items and incidents were unknown to him. A careful record was kept and during his summer vacation Hyslop visited members of his family near Xenia, O., and other parts of the Middle West to check on the facts. In addition, he engaged in a voluminous correspondence with old friends and acquaintances of his dead father.

In the end Dr. Hyslop said he believed that he had actually spoken to the spirit of his dead father. With this declaration he found himself in the growing company of former skeptics such as Dr. Hodgson and Sir Oliver Lodge. William James was one of the few Piper investigators who had not been able to accept the idea of actual spirit communication. He contented himself with a head-shaking, "It's all extremely baffling."

Then, in 1901, just as the evidence for spirit communication seemed to be growing, Mrs. Piper herself took a hand. She announced in an interview published by the New York *Herald*, that she was going to discontinue all sittings. She had patiently allowed herself to be tested for fifteen years, and she was tired of it and anxious to lead a normal life. As for her talking with spirits of the departed:

"... I never heard of anything

being said by myself during a trance which might not have been latent in my own mind or in the mind of the person in charge of the sitting . . . the sitters themselves . . . or in the mind of some absent person alive somewhere else in the world. . . . The theory of telepathy strongly appeals to me as the most plausible and genuinely scientific solution of the problem," she said.

The story created a furor, and later Mrs. Piper said she had been misquoted in parts of it, but she still thought telepathy was the answer. Dr. Hodgson, who had come to America to expose Mrs. Piper as a fraud, was placed in the difficult position of having to persuade the former suspect to continue her sittings because he and other investigators were now convinced that she had truly been in communication with the dead. He told Mrs. Piper that she could hold on to her ridiculous telepathy theory if she wished to but, since she didn't know what happened while she was in trance, why should her opinion on the matter be any more expert than that of those who attended the sittings?

Mrs. Piper was persuaded to continue her sittings in the United States and in England until July 31, 1911, when the "spirit controls" announced the sittings would have to stop because of the medium's poor health.

Fortunately, by this time the British Society had established a modest trust fund for Mrs. Piper and her two daughters so that she was no longer dependent upon having a number of sittings a week in order to make ends meet. Her husband had died in 1904.

In the fall of 1924, when Mrs. Piper was just past her sixty-fifth birthday, Dr. Gardner Murphy, later to become one of America's best known psychologists, arranged a series of sittings. Mrs. Piper's psychic powers still seemed impressive. One of the sitters, for example, was Margaret Deland, the novelist. Once she brought a friend whose sister, Lucy, had died. "Lucy," purportedly communicating through Mrs. Piper, said she was going to see what her mother was doing now in Cambridge. "Lucy" reported: "Mother picked up what looked like a box of buttons and shook them. Looked into it, picked up two or three and sat down in a chair to put them in another place."

Lucy's mother reported later that at 11:30 that morning, the time of the sitting, she had picked up a little tray of buttons, perhaps a dozen, shaken it, than picked out two and sewed them on her granddaughter's rompers. There was no one in the house with her at the time.

These sittings were among Mrs. Piper's last. She had been an active

medium for more than forty years, during which time she was always under vigilant observation. The records of her sittings fill more than three thousand pages in the records of the British and American societies. Thousands of additional pages have been devoted to theoretical discussions of her work. More than \$150,000 was spent on the most prolonged investigation in the history of psychical research and never was the slightest evidence produced of fraud or deception.

Just about every modern student in the field agrees that Mrs. Piper's work alone enabled psychical research to come out of the gutter, where it had been laid low by thousands of unscrupulous charlatans in the past century.

Critics are quick to point out that many scientists and other intellectuals have frequently been deceived by clever mediums. "Ada B," about whom Professor Hyslop made many scientific reports, was exposed by an amateur conjuror. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle knelt and kissed the hand of what he believed was his mother's ghost, but the ghost turned up in the Police Magistrate Court one week later as a piece of cheese cloth smeared with luminous paint. Thomas Edison was taken in by a psychic mind reader whose clever tricks were later revealed by a New York novel-

ist. Mrs. Piper is the only famous medium of her time against whom no charges of fraud were ever brought.

Today, in a quiet Boston backwater, Mrs. Piper lives with her youngest daughter, Minerva. At 91, Mrs. Piper is in surprisingly good health, although quite deaf. The amazing woman who could hear unvoiced thoughts thousands of miles away in languages she never knew,

now hears little of the outside world. Her address is kept secret and her telephone has an unlisted number. Few in the comfortable, old-fashioned apartment house know that the very old lady who occasionally goes out for a stroll with her nurse or gray-haired daughter, is the simple Yankee housewife whose work once convinced leading scientists of two countries that there was indeed life after death.

UNDERTOW

BY ALICE CRAIG REDHEAD

Who has yet seen the undertow,
Felt its smoothly silent flow,
Lifting tentacles in space,
Slyly subtle, full of grace,
Strong and fluid as a hound
Whose muscles glide and bound.

Talons clutching like a vine,
Elastic, pulsing as old wine,
Unseen, unsought, without a rule
But using strength as ready tool,
In merciless determination
The undertow finds consecration.

Who has *seen* this mystery?
The labored breath, the agony,
High-slashing waves that pull one down,
Engulfing till all senses drown —
Cruel and fearful in its power,
Dark signatures of final hour.

THE MYSTERY OF INFLUENZA

BY JAMES FULLER

MOST of the mid-century tributes to modern medicine's conquest of disease have, oddly enough, ignored a skeleton at the feast. Perhaps this oversight is Freudian. For the stark fact is that the third greatest pestilence in human history — some authorities put it second — took place in our lifetime. Only the great plague of Justinian in the sixth century and the Black Death of 1348 rank as calamities with the Influenza Pandemic of 1918-19, which killed twenty million people in a few months and sickened half a billion more.

So far, no scientific explanation of this massacre meets the simple test of credulity. Ordinary notions of infection and man-eating germs are easy to accept in localized epidemics, but in the world-shaking, whirlwind sweep of pandemic influenza, the x factor is still unknown. Even the theory of person-to-person contagion, from a mythical first case, fails to hold up — particularly when all attempts have failed to reproduce influenza in man

by experimental contact of the healthy with the sick. For all our knowledge, and our happy scorn of man's plague-ridden past, we are probably as defenseless against a recurrence of this catastrophe as the world was in 1918 — or 1580.

Take one mystery at random. Why, at the height of the 1918 epidemic, did Philadelphia have a flu death rate four times as large as that of Milwaukee? Why was Pittsburgh's rate twice as high as Cleveland's? After careful study of all factors, Professor Raymond Pearl, from Johns Hopkins and the National Research Council, decided that only one was significant. That was the weather. Dry air and a drop in temperature seemed to go with a lower death rate. But meanwhile, Dr. C. M. Richter was reporting in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* that temperature and humidity were *not* primary factors at all. He showed that for the last 120 years influenza and pneumonia have flared up only during periods of high atmospheric

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pressure, a phenomenon as cyclic as sunspot activity and terrestrial magnetism. The Italians who gave *influenza* its name in the eighteenth century had already got that far in their theorizing. They thought the disease resulted from the *influence* of some astral or occult power.

The truth is that no one yet knows how flu pandemics start, or, more perplexing, why they stop. And the curious are still searching for a cause, with a foreboding which all the virus theories, vaccines and antibiotics cannot dispel. The first pandemic of the germ-theory era occurred in 1889-90. On a rough average of once every 33 years for the past five centuries, pandemic influenza has struck the world. The cycle is not definite enough for accurate prediction — sometimes forty years separate visitations, sometimes twenty. But according to epidemiologists, there are certain premonitory signs before an approaching pandemic — signs which once more seem to be accumulating.

In 1918, it all started in Spain — so the conventional story goes — with an outbreak in Madrid in May. (Actually, it had been seen in China in March and in the Japanese Navy in April.) Europe and the rest of the world got it in June and July, and then this first wave of relatively mild “three-day flu” subsided completely. Alone in the medical world, Dr. Hen-

wik Rajchman, later chief epidemiologist of the League of Nations, warned of a violent wave in the fall. His clairvoyance was totally ignored.

At the end of August, flu was again reported in Salonika and other Mediterranean seaports. Within a month, the new, deadly influenza was full-blown from Archangel to Peru, in China, India, South Africa and New Zealand.

In the United States, Boston was blamed as the starting point. Supposedly the invader came over on a ship from Europe, yet the epidemic had arisen almost simultaneously on both continents. In less than a week, influenza was well established in nine Army camps between Massachusetts and Georgia; the second week saw it in thirteen camps from Louisiana to the West Coast. The civilian population succumbed just as rapidly. By stretching the laws of probability, some of this spread might be accounted for by person-to-person contact. But not all. Take the week of highest mortality as a guide. Boston and Bombay had their peaks during the same days. New York, a few hours by train from Boston, had its peak three weeks later.

While the disease leaped enormous distances in an incredibly short time, there was often slow diffusion over small, well-populated areas. In Connecticut, the flu took three weeks to

get from New London to Fairfield, less than one hundred miles away. The northern suburbs of Chicago were attacked a full month before the southern communities, just twenty miles and a couple of million commuting contacts apart.

The picture everywhere was the familiar one for all plagues — unpreparedness, confusion, emergency action — and endless funeral processions. Public meetings were banned, saloons and schools closed. Emergency hospitals were set up in schools, churches, town halls, and in the open air. Volunteers nursed the sick and carried food to demoralized homes. Men and women died without help or notice. Bedridden mothers were found clutching newborn babies in the same room with unburied corpses. Philadelphia, where two hundred bodies were stuffed into a morgue built for 36, quickly ran out of coffins, and a street railway repair shop was converted into a coffin factory. New York's street cleaners were ordered out to the cemeteries to dig graves.

Various devices were used to ward off infection. The North Carolina Board of Health advised citizens that it was quite futile to wear "sulphur in their shoes, asafetida in their bosoms, cucumbers on their ankles or potatoes in their pockets." In Chicago, police arrested anyone who coughed or sneezed in public without using a

handkerchief. In San Francisco, the wearing of gauze masks was compulsory. (These measures, of course, were considered more scientific.) Later, when the third wave of early 1919 had come and gone, public health men agreed that no preventive measure could be shown conclusively to have checked the disease by so much as one case. Not even the asafetida.

II

What, then, were the on-the-spot conclusions as to the most effective therapy? Sir Arthur MacNalty, British editor-in-chief of *The Official Medical History of the War*, put it this way: "Those who fought the epidemic were left in the end with a depressing sense of futility. Rest in bed from the onset, warmth, plenty of fluid and good nursing were the best means which modern medical science possessed to combat this dire pestilence. The prescription is as old as Hippocrates."

Physicians and public authorities had done no less during the episode of the Black Death. But here, if ever, was a chance to establish just how contagious a viciously epidemic disease really is, and the opportunity was seized by the U.S. Navy and the Public Health Service. In Boston and San Francisco, during the peak period, 112 reckless volunteers, aged fifteen to 34, offered to try to succumb to the

disease for science. They were exposed repeatedly to acute flu cases in hospital wards. Secretions from the upper respiratory tract of patients were sprayed into the noses and throats of the volunteers. In one experiment, freshly drawn blood from the sick was injected subcutaneously. Yet in not a single case was it possible to demonstrate the transmissibility of the disease. Only one man got sick, and his trouble was finally diagnosed as a mildly inflamed throat.

Thirty-odd years have passed, and we still haven't found out how to infect a healthy man with flu in the way that nature must do it, if she pays any attention to our theories. Of course, no right-minded medical thinker has changed ideas as a result of these "failures." Pandemic flu in 1918 was highly contagious and that's that. Contagion time must be in the incubation period, before the symptoms appear. (The flu virus survives only a few hours in the air.) The speed of dissemination can be explained by fast, modern transportation. Can it? How does it happen then that the same incredible speed has been observed in every pandemic since the Renaissance, when shanks' mare, horse and sail were the only means of distributing virus carriers?

Another tantalizing feature was the fact that young, healthy adults were now the most susceptible victims, the

greatest loss of life being among those from 25 to 29 years of age. This was absolutely new, a sudden and remarkable change in the behavior of influenza. In all previous epidemics, the majority of deaths (70 per cent) occurred among those over 45, and most of the other fatalities only in the very young. Sir Arthur MacNalty stated recently that the cause of this change was still obscure. It couldn't have been immunity in the older population; acquired immunity to influenza is slight, transient, variable and incomplete. It had nothing to do with war conditions, because belligerent and non-belligerent countries all had the same experience in every kind of economic, social and racial environment. Was the age feature due to certain secondary infections — say pneumococci for pneumonia? Probably not. No one type of bacterial species turned up more frequently in 1918 than any other type.

In 1918, the savants thought the culprit might be Pfeiffer's bacillus, a none-too-robust bacteria which a German bacteriologist had isolated after the 1889-90 pandemic. So they spent the brief time at their disposal looking for this agent. They found him all right. They found him in a lot of healthy people who never got flu; they found him in flu victims in some countries and not in others. In his native Germany, they rarely if ever

laid a microscope on him. Pfeiffer's bacillus has since been demoted and all but forgotten.

The scientists know now, however, that influenza is caused by a filterable virus (discovered in the early 1930's). To find such a virus you first try to pass the disease from man to a laboratory animal — in the case of flu, the easiest victim is the ferret, a sort of European polecat. This indirect work with invisible material, such as filterable viruses, has its pitfalls. Diagnosing flu in man is difficult; in lab animals it's downright precarious. Was that a *sniffle* from the white mouse? Does his head ache? Did that ferret sneeze? Funny thing about ferrets, and probably significant — when a large-scale human epidemic is under-way, it's a snap to establish strains of Virus A or B in this animal. His symptoms are clear-cut, and you can pass the disease on to mice, and then to chicken embryo, from which you make a vaccine. But when epidemics are localized or light, it's very difficult to infect your ferret. He doesn't show the right clinical reactions, or worse, doesn't show anything at all. And the virus tends to die out unless it is "nursed" along. Does this mean a low virulence, or does it mean that the virus depends for his livelihood upon a disease that is already there? Anyway, assuming that this virus, or one of his relatives, is responsible for the

greatest human slaughter of modern times, how does he support himself between epidemics? Virus only knows. No animals except swine are even suspected of giving him bed and board between outbreaks. For a while it was thought that Middle West pigs, who have been having swine flu periodically since they first caught it in 1918, might be keeping the pandemic form of virus alive. Now, "we" don't think so.

But it's the lucky people who don't get sick in a pandemic who are an embarrassment to many virus and immunity theories. A lot of these people, as British flu authority Dr. C. H. Stuart-Harris recently pointed out, must have low antibody levels (they ought to sicken when exposed, but they refuse). "It is in these individuals that the explanation of antibodies as the chief factor in the resistance to infection breaks down. To what, in fact, do they owe their immunity?" Nobody knows.

III

The laboratory is not the only place where men have grappled with the influenza riddle. English epidemiologists, notably F. G. Crookshank and W. H. Hamer, have studied it from life and have tried to grasp the patterns and obscure relationships of the disease over the centuries. To appreciate their often unorthodox specula-

tions, bear in mind that "disease" is an abstraction, that no such *thing* as influenza exists in nature. Doctors create a disease, so to speak, by agreeing among themselves to call a certain group of changes in the body and behavior of the organism by a given name.

Crookshank himself observed the last two influenza pandemics as a clinician. For him the great explosions of flu are not isolated phenomena. They are part — the climax, if you like — of a general disturbance in the world's health, covering a period of five or more years. This broad view of an influenzal period goes something like this: For many years, diseases occur that correspond pretty well to the textbook descriptions of specific ills and seasonal epidemics. Then gradually a change takes place. Scattered outbreaks of unfamiliar diseases are reported. Years ago these were often ascribed to food poisoning (botulism and ergotism). "Nowadays," said Crookshank (in the 1920's), "we speak more usually of meningitis, encephalitis, myelitis, in accordance with one or the other of the current and fashionable terminological inexactitudes." (Today the puzzling diseases can always be traced to some "new virus that's going around.") But whether the diseases seem to be cerebral, spinal, gastric or glandular, they take peculiar, unexpected courses. There is

much head scratching in the medical profession.

After several years, the first pandemic wave arrives. If this comes in the spring, the disease is aguish, bone-racking, feverish. The fall wave in that event — as in 1580 and 1918 — will be characterized by fatal forms of pneumonia. The patient's lips and ears turn an ashy purple, his face is pallid, and death is almost certain. At the autopsy, the lungs will be found to show varied and extensive damage rarely seen in other acute lung infections. Pathologists mutter about "wet, dripping lungs," and unexplainable hemorrhages. In some pandemics, though, the big wave may center on the nervous system, as it did in 1712 and 1801; or its chief damage may be gastrointestinal, as in the 1840's. The aftereffects of all pandemics are severe, frequently taking the form of prolonged, nervous depression. The Paris suicide rate in 1890 suddenly rose 25 per cent.

At these crises of the influenza period, Crookshank found many things happening that were interesting medically, but were soon afterwards forgotten:

Surgical operations "go wrong"; odd forms of suppuration and peculiar inflammations of the veins and cellular tissues are seen with unusual frequency; anesthetists meet with difficulties; obstetricians have calamities; eye and ear

specialists are puzzled; and psychiatrists are consulted about strange and baffling psychoses.

The veterinarians are busy; for there are epidemics here and there among horses, dogs, cats, rabbits and fowl. Rabies again becomes a formidable menace and paralytic afflictions such as "limber neck" are common in the farmyard. In 1918, reindeer in Labrador and Lapland, and baboons at Gibraltar and in South Africa, died in great numbers mysteriously. And there is undisputed evidence that during these periods there are widespread changes in the world of insects, vegetables and fungoid life.

But surely hindsight can trace for us some clearer pattern in this medical confusion? Yes, say these epidemiologists. In the pre-pandemic years there seems to be a rising incidence of certain diseases such as encephalitis, polio and other companion diseases of the nervous system and brain. Before the pandemic of 1889-90, there was a polio epidemic in Paris, during 1886. Polio outbreaks occurred in Norway the same year, in Sweden in 1887-88, and in Germany in 1889. Also in 1888, a "new" disease swept the Mediterranean and was later thought to be cerebro-spinal meningitis; in the Near East there was a vast epidemic of dengue fever, but this evidently wasn't the mosquito or fly-borne disease we now know as dengue.

A somewhat similar epidemic se-

quence occurred in the build-up before 1918. Again there was an epidemic of nervous diseases in Sweden. In 1916, New York suffered what was then called "the most extensive outbreak of polio in history." Various kinds of flu grew more and more frequent in epidemic forms. After it was all over (in 1920), the chief medical officer of Great Britain could say:

The epidemiological features of the cycle of years within which influenza explodes are different from those of the influenza-free cycles. Preceding epidemic influenza, there is often a rise in the general morbidity of the population, an "epidemic constitution" develops favorable to influenza. There are early, though often mild and atypical, forerunners of the disease . . . There are concurrences, similarities and interrelationships between outbreaks of cerebro-spinal fever, polio and outbreaks of influenza, pneumonia and bronchitis.

Coming down to the present, we find some rather unsettling epidemic symptoms. Do they mean anything or not? Japan had the worst outbreak of encephalitis in its history during 1948, in spite of the U.S. Army's mosquito eradication campaign. At the end of 1949, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis reported for the U.S. "the largest number of cases of infantile paralysis [polio] in any one country in any one year in

the world's history." This total was over 42,000 cases, the ratio to population being about the same as the country's previous record, 29,000, in 1916. Though not as severe as in 1947, polio was also rampant in Great Britain last year, and ran on into the fall much later than is normal. New Zealand and South Africa had major polio epidemics in 1948.

No doubt there is little point in worrying about such chancy coincidences. The pattern may be completely illusory. Didn't Dr. Thomas M. Rivers of the Rockefeller Institute say in 1945 that we shall never have another world-wide flu epidemic like the disastrous one of 1918? "Something like a truce has been declared between the known influenza viruses and human beings. This is because rapid transportation has made the world one community so far as influenza is concerned."

Less than two years later, however, far-ranging epidemics of flu took place, for which a "new" virus was held responsible. It was decided to call this one Virus A₁. "It behaves oddly," noted the *British Medical Journal* last year. None of the vaccines which had a beneficial effect against Viruses A and B did anything to prevent flu in 1947. And early in 1949 there were half a million flu cases in Italy, and about 20 per cent of all Frenchmen were similarly affected. But this was

a pretty mild form and usually killed only old people and children.

While Dr. Rivers was exuding optimism in the U.S., Dr. Stuart-Harris in England was pulling the rug from under him by long-distance legerdemain. "It's been suggested that we owe our present freedom from devastating epidemics to the annual or biennial recurrence of fair-sized outbreaks. A mere glance at the incidence of influenza since the middle of the last century is enough to give a bold negative to this theory." There was almost no flu in the world for forty years preceding the 1889 pandemic; but in the years just before 1918 flu-like diseases increased steadily each year. No equilibrium came to pass.

If the worst should break loose again, how well prepared are our medical guardians? There is no serum treatment. Antibiotics might have some effect on secondary infections, if these are normal and bacterial, but that is something we won't know till it happens. Vaccines for A and B viruses have shown some protective influence, but all have traces of egg-white in them. This is a highly allergenic substance when injected, and dangerous for many people.

The editors of the *American Journal of Public Health* decided, not long ago, that "Faced with a virus of entirely novel antigenic type, it is unlikely that any of our present vaccines

would have any beneficial effect at all, and we should probably have to spend our time studying the new agent in the laboratory during the period when it is wreaking its vengeance on ourselves and our fellows. General methods of hygiene as well as aerial disinfection could be our only prophylactic weapons."

The solution of the mystery almost certainly will not come from one experiment or one laboratory or even one theory. It may not be answered by one more pandemic. This is a world problem where all facts and ideas are pertinent. The United Na-

tions has recently recognized the necessity for global action by setting up a World Influenza Center in England under the World Health Organization. Already these investigators are assembling and analyzing every scrap of information on the last of the great plagues. They are collecting, studying and distributing virus strains as they crop up in all parts of the world. In this work there is definite hope for a yield of knowledge that will allow us to forecast pandemics and help us to prepare appropriate vaccines and a treatment more advanced than that of Hippocrates.

PHRASE ORIGINS—63

FOURTH ESTATE: *This phrase is a tribute to the power of the press. Newspapermen themselves often refer to their calling as the Fourth Estate. One meaning of estate is a group or order taking part in the government. The number of such estates in European governments was generally three. In England they were originally the Clergy, Barons and Knights, and Commons. Later, the divisions were established as Lords Spiritual, Lords Temporal, and Commons. Sometimes the expression "the Fourth Estate" was jocularly applied to the people as a whole, or to a leader like William Cobbett, the political journalist who stood above all groups. In 1837, Carlyle spoke about a Fourth Estate of able editors. Carlyle also attributed to Edmund Burke the famous observation that "there were three estates in Parliament but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder there sat a Fourth Estate more important far than they all." Bulwer-Lytton called the Times "the fourth estate of the realm," and Macaulay, along with Burke, called the reporters' gallery the fourth estate. Whether written in capitals or small letters, the expression now refers only to the press, and not to the public.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



WALKING STICK

THE May of the year has come around again, and we may see the life of earth going forward, in the fullness of its spring drive and potency, after a multitude of modes. May-time is the great burst and triumph of aliveness; and aliveness, we are reminded, is of a great many kinds. Species thrive and proliferate under our sun by a diversity of devices. We may watch spiders now, and see in action the art of survival by venomousness. We may watch the sprout of seeds, and see survival by vegetable potency. Skunks are a-waddle in the May sunshine because they have the gift of hurling a stunning sulphide. Porcupines are a-clamber in the branches, after their slow, dull fashion, because they are defended by a panoply of spears. The meadowlarks are whistling *tseeu-tseer!* now over the May meadows at least in part because they have developed an ingenuity in luring

marauders away from their nests by pretending to have broken wings. We may look around us and see the triumph of survival by a thousand modes: by savagery, by speed, by faceted vision, by animal cunning, by power of wing, by nocturnality, by poisonous fangs. It may happen by accidental discovery, perhaps as we comb twigs from the lawn with our grass-rake or as we peer closely into our growing garden plants to see how they are coming along, that we may become aware of a creature that survives by yet another evolutionary art. We may discover the insect called a walking stick.

The biological success of the walking stick consists in the perfection with which the insect appears to be something else. There are insects that succeed by their enormous voracity, ravaging our crops. The walking stick is not greatly destructive. There are insects that succeed by spectacular fecundity, or by swift flight, or by

the ability to inflict a painful sting. The walking stick has none of these. The walking stick succeeds by appearing to be not an insect at all, but a twig.

Cases of imitation are found throughout the world of nature. The butterfly called a viceroy is nearly immune to attack by birds or other enemies, not because it has any defensive powers of its own but because it looks almost exactly like another kind of butterfly called a monarch. The monarch exudes a nasty acidity, and is uneatable. The viceroy, not itself acrid, is saved by the power of resemblance. The clear-winged hawk-moths that hover over our phlox-beds in the summer dusk are as harmless as so many drifts of thistle-seed. But they look — to the lasting prosperity of their kind — like particularly large and evil hornets. Nature is full of imitations of all sorts. A live opossum can seem to be a dead opossum. A harmless water snake strikes with the readiness and the hideous lunge of a deadly water moccasin. A fawn in a thicket looks like sun-dappled leaves. A striped dace looks like a riffle in the current of the brook. Of all the imitations, few are as perfect — as almost eerie in excellence — as the walking stick's simulation of a little branch.

The simulation is the walking stick's sole gift for dealing with life.

Most imitators have also some other sort of power. They have a bit of speed, a bit of voracity, a touch of effective combativeness. The walking stick cannot bite, nor sting, nor hurry. The walking stick looks like a stick; and on that one proficiency is staked its claim to survival in the biota. The claim has been triumphantly held over aeons.

The walking stick is three or four inches long, and hardly as much as an eighth of an inch wide. Its body is about the thickness of one of those fine terminal twigs that patter down from the elms and maples whenever a strong wind blows. Even to close scrutiny, the walking stick *is* a twig. It is jointed like a twig. There can be seen upon it the "bark-rings" and the little swellings marking each year of the twig's seasonal growth. The walking stick's tail-end shows an increase of bark-like corrugations and crinkles, as a twig does towards its tip. To run a finger along the body of a walking stick is to feel its perfect twig-texture: brittle, dry, and alternately smooth and bark-scaly. The coloration is subtly twig-toned, a kind of dull green, with darker areas at the "growth-joints," or sometimes a desiccated brown like that of the twigs of autumn. In completion of the illusion, as though the walking stick (so to speak) truly *felt* itself to be a twig, the insect holds its two long

front legs stretched stiffly straight out in front of it, thus making its whole body one long, straight, twiggy line.

Walking sticks are not at all uncommon. They are found over the greater part of our country, and every now and then, in one region or another, they occur in something like a horde. It remains the fact that we very seldom see one. For by "seeing," of course, is meant aware perception. It means the translation, in the mind, of a visual image into a significant image. Those of us who live in suburban or country places undoubtedly have walking sticks intimately within our visual field a score of times a year. All that we "see," however, on those occasions, is a twig. The insect, as insect, goes invisible, wrapped in its device of simulation. Walking stick insects pose a problem for nature photographers. A picture of a walking stick, at rest among the stems and branches, is apt to appear as a quite meaningless and pointless photograph of random vegetations.

II

It is only when a walking stick is dislodged or alarmed, as by our grass-rake or pruning shears, that the creature is stirred into motion and so betrayed as an animal. It seeks then to run away. "Run," however, is scarcely the appropriate word for the startled

walking stick's activity. No matter how agitated it may be, it never forgets — speaking in terms, that is, of its hereditary blood and instincts and biological disposition; for it is of course not a creature of conscious calculation — that it is supposed to be a twig. As the walking stick's six long twiggy legs are unfolded from the main twig-body, and the insect swings into action, it does so with such stiff, slow motions as are almost like those of a tree itself, laboriously stretching its branches. A naturalist almost expects to hear the walking stick creak. Slowly, slowly, in little twiggy jerks and fumbles, it hauls itself into motion and goes creeping clumsily away. The instant it feels danger to be past, it lines its legs up straight again, becomes perfectly inert, and relapses once more into being a small branch.

Walking sticks are born in the spring, and they are born the appropriate color. They are bright green. As the season advances, the green "twig" becomes gradually duller, until by July and August it attains the particular dusty-greenish that Whistler called "mid-summer green" specifically. Then, as the days shorten and the nights grow cooler, the walking stick's greenness dims and dulls away until it gives place entirely to a dry brown matching the brown of the autumnal vegetation. Male walking sticks do not always fol-

low this program of color-change in all its steps; but the females, upon which the perpetuation of the species particularly depends, follow it out as exactly as any oak or elm.

Walking sticks have one generation a year. The female usually lays about a hundred eggs. Even in the egg-phase of its existence the walking stick shows, as it were, its disposition to partake as much of the plant world as of the insect. Most insects lay their eggs in clusters or batches. They deposit them as a sticky mass. The female walking stick, creeping twig-stiffly through the tree-tops, drops her eggs one by one, and just lets them patter to the ground, as trees and plants scatter their seeds. Seeds, do we say? The walking stick eggs *look* exactly like seeds. They are little dry oval pellets, high-polished and black. Only dissection makes it certain that they are the eggs of a living animal and not the wind-scattered seeds of some leguminous plant. It may sometimes happen, when we are under a tree on a still day in the latter part of summer, that we hear a mysterious little pattering as of a shower among the leaves and upon the ground around us. What we are hearing is the egg-laying of a walking stick.

The eggs scatter on the ground and lie there casually among the withered leaves and grass over the winter. Then on a day in spring the shiny

black egg breaks open, as a seed-husk might split; its top lifts up; and very stiffly young *Diapheroma femorata* unwinds its joints and clammers out, almost as slowly as the buds are coming out on the real trees in the spring world. It is a "twig," bright green, about four millimeters long.

Most creatures of the lower orders come into the world with a quick readiness to deal with it. With the sureness of instinct and pre-formed behavior, they are equipped to act. A day-old snake will strike as fiercely and surely as an adult. A butterfly, as soon as its body and wings have dried, goes winging away over the flower-tops as agilely as any veteran of a summer. The young walking stick shows no sign of such proficiency. Even its adult life, after all, will require no fleet maneuvering, no fierceness, no cunning, no delicate skills. It will require no more than what the newly hatched insect already has: the ability to appear to be, with great perfection, what it is not.

Very, very slowly the young walking stick tests its six legs. It finds them, an observer must judge, exceedingly unmanageable. It tries first this one and then that one, and it snarls them together in confusion. Those entertaining biologists, Drs. Margery and Lorus Milne, have watched a great many young walking sticks as the insects encounter the

strangeness of the world. They have found the walking sticks to make one blunder so regularly that it seems nearly standard behavior for the species. This consists in the young walking stick's placing one fore-leg firmly on top of the other fore-leg, and then heaving and straining desperately at the under-leg until at last the insect collapses as in an agony of

frustration over the fact that it is not moving.

The life of nature goes forward by many curious devices. There is none more curious than the device of imitation; and certainly no more curious exemplar of that than the animated twigs now clambering confusedly into being in our dooryards in the blossoming world of May.

FAUST

BY *ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO*

Whoever blames me, blames me out of envy,
Or never had the time, the place, the wish:
Temptation is to thirst and find a fountain,
To hunger, and be served a fragrant dish.

What if the stream be poisoned or the meal
Seek only to exact a hidden toll?
Temptation is the dream and its fulfillment,
The end and means, and worth a paltry soul.

Who understands it? Only those like me
Who, tempted from their paths, do not complain
To hunger in reverse and have to wait
A long while to be tempted back again. . . .

THE GREAT YANKEE EXODUS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE shadows grew longer. It was afternoon, late afternoon, in New England, and the old men who sat endlessly in the crossroads stores of the six Yankee commonwealths wondered aloud to each other: was there some truth in the theory that man in his migrations always moved with the sun, westward? It might be so, it might not; but still and all, this country of the Green Mountains had been settled by people who had moved *north*, from Connecticut; and who was it that settled New Hampshire if not Old Colony and Massachusetts Bay people? And they certainly moved north to do it. If a man wanted to make anything of it, then how was the great province of Maine populated if not by men who came into it from the west and the south?

True, but the whole Yankee empire had not been able to bear them all, all of the Yankees, that they might dwell together, even as The Book had told it; and the people of Abram and the people of Lot, had they

not gone away, the one into Canaan, the other to the cities on the plain of Jordan? Yet, Good Book or no, the tribes of the Yankees were committing self-destruction by leaving their native homes for the West, whilst multitudes of foreigners were coming in on every ship, bringing Babel with them, bringing not only a confusion of tongues, but of religions, of customs, of heroes. . . .

The shadows grew longer and the old men at the crossroads talked on without end, talked for months and for years, calculating time, warning of the dusk, the coming night. They could tell that the old order was passing; in fact, in these backwashes of New England the passing of that order could be seen in sharper focus than elsewhere, for here there was less to distract reflection. The old cocked-hat men, the survivors, were now pitifully few — the men who wore smallclothes and hose and shoes with big buckles — the men who still took snuff, who preferred their

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women should use the fireplace, rather than the new and loathsome cooking stoves, who cursed the new steel pens in paragraphs of protest written with honest quills and sent to the editor of the *Vermont Watchman* or the *New Hampshire Patriot*. These were the men who still lighted their fires, and often their very pipes, with flint and steel, in spite of Portland Star Matches; who were either Deists or worse; whose personal God, if they had one, came straight from the Old Testament, exactly as He was at the time of Genesis. These old men could not be made to realize, though more than one Universalist and Unitarian had attempted to explain, that even God changed His style every few milleniums. . . .

So, they talked on, these immensely ancient men, and they were listened to, for they had *seen*, with their own eyes, Colonel Ethan Allen in his sunset days, or had shaken the hand of General Stark, or might even have stood with Old Put in Mr. Bunker's pasture on the hill in Charlestown. God save us, you *listened* to such men, for they came from a world as far removed from the present, for all practical purposes, as the times of Mordecai, and they were believed somehow to have a wisdom that had not been given to the other sons of men. In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress

they had performed prodigies. They had told the King's own men, in their day, that if a war was wanted, then let it begin here and now. They had realized, too, that if they did not beat the Redcoats, then Molly Stark would sleep a widow. . . .

Aye, you listened to men such as these, sitting with their canes in the crossroads stores, while a bluebottle fly beat again and again on a dusty window, and outside a horse stamped at the hitching post. They spoke in an aroma of coffee that emanated from the gaudy red grinder, to mix with the smells of spice and tea and kerosene and tobacco and woolen clothing. Some of these ancient men had mellowed since Yorktown; others had merely dried and toughened, and they spat in contempt at the cold box stove and said they would be god-damned and double goddamned if they would so much as raise a finger to prevent all of the younger generations of Yankees — man and maid together — from trooping out to this Ohio or Ioway or Californy. Let them go. They were a poor lot, anyway, who had long since deserted the ways of their fathers. Let them go.

The pious old men saw the hand of God in the business. The Lord their God was a jealous God, and had not the younger generations gone a-whoring after false gods? The authority of the Congregational clergy had broken

down. Many a descendent of the Pilgrim Fathers was now preaching some form of the Arminian Heresy; or was shouting for the Baptists or the Methodists; or worse, was speaking up for the Universalists and the Unitarians who really were not Christians at all. Or much worse, had gone away to Deseret — and Hell — with the imps of Moroni and Brigham Young.

All was confusion, and if you needed to know exactly what came in confusion's wake, then consider the fact that the Harlot of Rome was already among us. There were said to be a score of papist churches in Massachusetts alone. Little wonder desolation stalked New England. Why, the fine old stagecoach towns were moldering even now, while the new steam-cars did little but set fire to barns and fields with their hellish sparks, and mangle or kill man and beast. O it was piteous, it was scandalous, but it was also *just* and according to Holy Writ. Yankees had defied the Congregational God; now they should pay and pay, without end.

Every stray wolf seen or killed, or merely rumored, was evidence — wasn't it? — that the packs were returning from the far North, whence they had been driven in your grandfather's day. Every abandoned hill farm in the six states showed patently that the wilderness was returning, and Chaos & Old Night were riding

the wilderness. Indeed, cried the old men, anybody could see that the shadows had formed and that they grew longer and darker, even as one watched. It was not noon any more, nor afternoon, in the Yankee kingdom. It was night. It might well be close to midnight and if the clock should strike again, it would strike thirteen. Time, you'd best believe, sir, was running out. . . .

Dust blew in an open window. Outside an unheard wind fluttered the leaves of the great old elms, and on the wind came the godless chatter of a mowing-machine, a device direct from The Pit, which a few thoughtless men — and praise be there were few such thoughtless men left in all New England — called an "improvement" over the hand-scythe. But even this machine could not cut the wiry worthless grass in these fields. The tough stalks merely bent but refused to be cut down. Perhaps the Yankees who remained on their native farms amidst all this confusion of emigration and tongues and hard times — perhaps they were like the grass. They bent but could not be broken. Come to think of it, how many native Yankees were still where they ought to be, which was at home on the farms where they had been born?

Nobody could guess because things were in such a flux. But one had a

pretty good idea of how many had gone away. One of the old men said that he saw in the *Hartford Courant*, a while back, that 67,000 natives of Connecticut had gone to live in York state, another 10,000 to Pennsylvania, 3000 to New Jersey, and — if you could believe it — still another 23,000 deluded Nutmeggers had gone to Ohio. Nor was this quite all. Another 20,000 were scattered around in more remote parts of what the old man stoutly designated as the Northwest Territory, though the term was obsolete.

He was right, too. These old men did not read much, but they remembered what they read with an exactness that was fantastic and even mysterious to younger people who read a great deal and remembered almost nothing of what they read. He was right about Connecticut's emigrants, right also about those from Massachusetts, which he said were almost as numerous. But — he went on, his high, dry old voice charged with emotion — but these figures paled to nothing compared to what had been going on in the Green Mountains. That is, in proportion. Almost half of the living natives of Vermont — he was citing the census of 1850 — were living elsewhere than at home; 53,000 in York state, 15,000 in Ohio, 12,000 each in Illinois and Michigan, almost as many in Wisconsin. God alone —

he went on — and certainly not the immigration authorities of Canada, knew how many Vermont and New Hampshire people had moved into the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. (A decade later, in 1860, more than half a million New Englanders had gone away — and *new* old men talked on.)

II

One read in the papers how curious professors were digging excitedly into strange mounds in the West, in Ohio or some such place, digging into beds of lava in Italy, plumbing the earth in other foreign parts, all for the sake of learning something about ancient peoples whom Time had buried deep and forgotten. Better by far had they come to New England and paused at this cellar hole on what was once a hill farm — this excavation fringed with brush, in which ancient apple trees were being choked to death and lilacs struggled feebly to put forth a few wan blossoms. Here, my good professors of archeology, was a relic, a fossil, a memoir of an extinct people. Dig into it and find a spoon or two of pewter, a latch of hand-wrought iron and a bullet-mold, a candle mold, a bee-runner's trap. Those spikes came from a hatchel, used in preparing flax. That great slab of pure granite was the doorstep; to move it a hair would call for a yoke of the oxen of

Job, and a goad like that of Shamgar. That rotting hulk of cedar, that moss-grown lodginghouse for hordes of pismires, was once a noble trough, fashioned by untold hours of hand-work and charring, to hold water that was carried for half a mile in logs that had been slowly, painfully bored from end to end with a monstrous augur.

Work? They knew little else, the people who built and built well on these hills, now so melancholy. They built in the belief that they and generations of their children would live here. Though they lived in an age of iron and wood, much of their work was in stone. Push through the jealous and protesting brush that now guards the mile or more of stone fence, the units of which were piled one upon the other, just so, by men and boys who grew in time to have something of a neolithic look about them — and a neolithic quality of character, too. Even their women came to have the same look and quality. . . .

Any number of things had conspired to drive these determined and patient people from their hard-won hills; but mostly when they left it was to the tune of bells — the pretty, mellow, tinkling bells of a hundred and more thousands of sheep — more sheep, indeed, than the Midianites of old had known. Merino sheep. That was their knell, no matter what they thought or believed or said. The sheep

had become a craze, a Yankee mania. To raise sheep in vast numbers required a great deal of land, and the hill farms were the first to supply the extra pasturage. No man could actually farm where sheep ran in great numbers. So, the hill farmers sold their land to the merino men. Then the hill people piled a few things into a wagon and struck out for the eastern end of the Erie canal, leaving their lands to the merinos, their houses to the wood-borers and wasps, their barns to the bats and the owls. . . .

The sheep, in turn, disappeared into mutton, when wool fell to 40 cents a pound — most of the wool for the Boston market was coming from Ohio, anyway. When the merinos had gone, then the birch and the balsam took over their pastures; and raspberries, sumac and hazel combined to guard the graves of the house and barn, to throttle the apples and the lilacs. These pastures, barns, houses, apples and lilacs were the results of culture; and when a hill wilderness took over a place, it consumed it entirely, covering everything man had made or planted, in an attempt to blot out completely the shame of man's industry and cultivation.

III

Desolation, the old men noted, was creeping down from the hills, invading the villages and the hamlets. The

little Bethels of these communities were the first to feel the chill — the chill of the merino bells that came through the open windows in summer, an undertone or background music, an accompaniment to warmed-over sermons delivered by bemused pastors — good men, too, who had been trained at Middlebury, and perhaps at Bangor and Andover, but worried now as they preached to the ghostly pews, to the surviving handful of old men and women. And who could blame them too much while they preached to the resounding walls, if they wondered and held secret hope of quick response to the letters they had written to former parishioners now living in the West — asking about the Lord's work in such far places, asking boldly if help were needed in the Vineyards of Cleveland and Beloit, of Stillwater and Grinnell, of Rockford and Lawrence.

The desolation which began on the hills spread almost everywhere in the rural districts. The local industries felt it. For generations the tanneries, sawmills, and gristmills had been supplying almost all local needs; now their vats molded and their water wheels ground to a halt, while the untended dams gave way or filled with silt, and alder and willow grew high in the millrace — all to the music of the merino bells. The once bright clapboards on the old stage taverns

weathered to mellow patina, then started moulting like Plymouth Rock chickens in autumn, while deep green moss climbed the shingled roofs from eaves to ridgepole, where a bent and mangled weathervane pointed, no matter what quarter the wind was in, straight down to Hell.

The crossroads stores hung on, though they faded perceptibly each year, and around their stoves, summer and winter, the old men talked on; mice nested on the shelves and brought forth their young, and the spots of flies grew so thick they were no longer distinguishable from the paint, which had been last applied in the same year John Quincy Adams died, which was 1848, and may God give peace to the great man's noble if puckery soul.

Time here at the crossroads did not stand still, nor did it move forward. It actually moved backward. On a wall in the store, over the barrel of molasses, there hung a sign, faded but legible, which announced the schedule of the splendid coaches of the Eastern Stage Company, whose wheels had long since ceased to roll. In the town hall a poster, once handsome in four colors, bid Welcome to New England to the aged but popular General LaFayette. The First Selectman of the town had nailed it to that wall in the summer of 1824. . . . And the town

clerk still compared each new season as it came and went to the Year of No Summer, which he remembered well, which had been the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixteen.

Digging in mounds and lava beds, were they? They need never have gone outside the limits of their native towns in New England to discover a way of living as dead as anything in Pompeii. Why, sir, hardly a man was now alive who. . . .

Yes, indeed, the shadows were longer, and much deeper. Night was settling down on the hills, on the remote villages. Nor could the state church, the church of the Founding Fathers, the one true and Congregational church, do much to dispel the gathering gloom.

Then, in 1861, came the very Apocalypse, four grim, bloody years

of war; and when it was over, the Yankees started leaving their native homes in larger numbers than ever before, going away not to such well known places as York state and Ohio, but to outlandish regions called Dakotah and Colorado and Nebraska.

Meanwhile, still newer old men took their seats in the surviving crossroads stores in the former kingdom of the Yankees, and talked on, much as the preceding generations of old men had talked — but to less attentive audiences, now composed largely of strangers who had been born in French Canada or in Ireland, who thought that the Pope was a greater man than John Quincy Adams, greater even — and God forgive their ignorance — than the late Mr. Webster.

At last the shadows had closed in. It was night.

OBEISANCE

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

The wind-blown pine trees
On the mountain side last night
Appeared like cowed monks
Murmuring prayers
In the moonlight.

THE FEARLESS ANDREW JOHNSON

BY WENZELL BROWN

NO two figures in American history have resembled each other so closely as Abraham Lincoln and the man whom he selected as his Vice-President in his second administration — Andrew Johnson. Yet Lincoln has been raised to the ranks of the mighty, almost deified, in the American mind, while for Johnson there has been little but vilification, calumny and scorn. Lincoln is remembered as the saviour of a country split by internal war; Johnson, as the only president to suffer the stigma of impeachment. History plays ironic tricks, for if Lincoln was right, so was Johnson. The ideologies of the two men were nearly identical.

An assassin's bullet ended the life of Abraham Lincoln at the high-water mark of his success and popularity. Only the meanest, the most niggardly of men, could have begrudged him the stature of his martyrdom. But many of the voices raised in paeans of praise for the dead President were those of men who had ridiculed and traduced him during his life, who had

planned to crucify him in peace and who fought against every principle he had espoused. The legendary haze which surrounds Lincoln's memory makes it difficult to realize now how precarious was his position as President, how bitter and powerful were his enemies and how unreliable his friends. Had Lincoln lived after his hour of glory, there is little doubt that he would have been pulled down from his pedestal and discredited and besmirched, as was his successor.

Few men have ever fallen heir to such a herculean task as fell upon the shoulders of Andrew Johnson. For Johnson inherited not only the policies of Abraham Lincoln, which he had sworn to uphold, but Lincoln's enemies as well. And more cunning, rabid, unscrupulous enemies would be hard to imagine. Johnson failed abysmally, but not because he was a weakling. No stronger man could have been found had the country been scoured to secure its most able leader — which was just about what Lincoln had done. Johnson's absolute integ-

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rity, his unswerving directness of purpose, his deep humanitarianism and tremendous personal courage paralleled or even surpassed Lincoln's. Only in the personal attributes of charm, warmth and magnetism did Johnson fall below the man whom he was fated to succeed. Even so, a perusal of newspapers published during the presidential campaign of 1864 reveals that many an editor regarded Johnson as stronger, more resourceful and capable than the man who headed the ticket.

A questionnaire distributed recently among college students and graduates indicates that there is more current misinformation about Andrew Johnson than any other President. It is commonly held that Johnson was personally dissolute, that he was a drunkard, that he was involved in financial chicanery, that he was nearly illiterate, that he was wavering and uncertain in character, and guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors while in office. No single item on this discreditable list has more than a slight grain of truth. Such views gained wide-spread circulation because most narrators of the passing scene were prone to be violently partisan, and even objective historians are prejudiced by the sources of their material. Johnson held office in the most turbulent period of America's history. The Civil War had just ended. On the one

hand, the beaten South was trying to turn its defeat into political victory. On the other hand, corrupt political leaders in the North had seized upon the South's prolonged subjugation as an unparalleled opportunity for graft and political power. In the background was a rapid industrial expansion that made millionaires overnight. And touching every thread of American political life was an almost hysterical hatred, the natural aftermath of internecine strife.

Andrew Johnson would attach himself to no partisan group. He stood alone, then, steadfastly adhering to Lincoln's principles of charity, tolerance and reason. As a result, he was a target of virulent abuse from every side. His only friends were the few selfless men who placed the unity of the country before party politics and their own careers. Moreover, Johnson was unusually vulnerable. By birth and breeding, he was a Southerner, yet he had never hesitated for a moment in throwing every ounce of his energy into the Union cause. Thus, to the South, he was a traitor. Yet his understanding and sympathy with the South was as strong as his bitter denunciation of their leaders, for whom he demanded "stern justice." He tempered this statement, however, with a plea for "amnesty, conciliation, clemency and mercy to the thousands of our countrymen who have been de-

ceived or driven into this infernal rebellion. . . . If a state is to be nursed until it again gets strength, it must be nursed by its friends, not smothered by its enemies." For such speeches, he was branded by the extremist newspapers of the North as "another Jefferson Davis—a second Judas Iscariot." North and South vied with each other in harsh denunciations. Add to this the fact that much of the source material about Johnson came from the grandson of the Vice-President whom he supplanted—Hannibal Hamlin—and that a few sympathetic Southern historians pleaded his cause in terms of their own prejudices, and there is little wonder that so much misinformation has been disseminated about America's seventeenth President.

II

The bitter struggles of Johnson's youth have been stressed unduly in history textbooks. Most certainly there was dire poverty in his childhood, but he was well launched on his political career by the time he was twenty. His father, Jacob Johnson, seems to have combined the duties of tavern porter, church sexton and town constable in Raleigh, N. C. Andrew was born in that city on December 29, 1808, three months before the birth of Abraham Lincoln. He was given the full name of Andrew Jack-

son Johnson, and his father's admiration for "Old Hickory" appears to have been handed down to him, for not only were Johnson's early political efforts in support of Jackson, but he was deeply influenced by Jackson's philosophy.

Jacob Johnson died when his son was four, leaving no support for his family. Andrew was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten. He had no formal schooling, but strangely enough, in this tailor shop, he acquired his first taste for politics and oratory. While the apprentices were at work, a local philanthropist would read to them selections from the speeches of great English parliamentarians. The boy was fascinated by the sonorous phrases of Charles James Fox and the younger Pitt, and asked the reader to lend him the *American Speaker*. Instead, this man, whose name is unknown, presented the book to the boy as a gift. Young Andrew Johnson taught himself to read painfully and slowly, but before he had finished, he had committed to memory some of the greatest oratory in the English tongue.

At the age of eighteen, two years after his apprenticeship had ended, Andrew Johnson, with his mother, set out for the rough frontier town of Greeneville, Tenn., which he was to consider as his home for the rest of his life. Greeneville lay in the foothills of the Great Smoky Mountains, and

the men of Greeneville were proud, independent mountaineers, who tended their own farms and looked with scorn upon the easy-living plantation owners of the South. Andrew Johnson became one of them immediately, and the rugged honesty, the fierce pride and the obstinacy which he had already displayed, became even more marked. These mountaineers had little use for slavery, but their opposition was hardly based on sentimental grounds. They knew that when free men compete with slave labor, the result is grinding poverty. They looked with hatred upon the institution of slavery, for they realized that the shackles that bound the Negro kept both the white and colored worker in thralldom. Andrew Johnson held this view throughout his life, and with this in mind, his actions are completely consistent. His was the voice of the underprivileged, and, to him, slavery was only a part of the pattern of degrading poverty from which so much of the country suffered. Abraham Lincoln shared this feeling, and there is little wonder that both these frontier men found themselves in violent conflict with the hysterical sentimentalism and the sanctimonious religiosity which was so strong among the Abolitionists of New England.

Less than a year after his arrival in Greeneville, Johnson married a most remarkable young woman, Eliza Mc-

Cardle. Eliza seems to have recognized instantly her husband's potentialities as a leader. She taught him to write, she supervised his reading, and taught him arithmetic. In the town was a small college. While Johnson was not enrolled, he participated in the college debating society and mingled freely with the students. Soon his tailor shop became a rendezvous for students and townsmen who had convictions they wished to express.

Greeneville had only a few well-to-do men, but they dominated the community. Johnson organized a union of laborers and farmers. His oratorical skill and his obvious intelligence made him an effective leader. In his twentieth year he was elected alderman, and at 22 he became Greeneville's mayor, an office which he held for three terms. Johnson did not confine himself to the local scene, but stumped the country-side, sometimes placing a pistol on the crude platform beside him for use if the meeting turned into a brawl. His recorded speeches are surprisingly erudite for mountain communities, and he spoke with freshness and vigor. His was the cause of farmer and worker as opposed to the aristocratic, slave-holding traditions of the Old South. He exploited the latent hostilities that existed between the two groups, and not always without demagoguery. The old guard feared and hated him, and employed

every device from ballot-rigging to physical violence to rid themselves of him. Nevertheless, before he was thirty, Johnson held seven elected offices and had become a power in the state legislature. In Nashville, he fought against the use of convict labor on state projects, waged war on corruption and graft, and introduced bill after bill designed to provide independence and power for the laborer and small farmer. He even recommended that the eastern part of Tennessee should withdraw and become a separate state, to be called Franklin, wherein slavery should be abolished and "manual labor should have its true dignity."

In 1843, Johnson was sent to Washington as Congressman from Tennessee, a post he was to hold for ten years. His accomplishments during this period are not notable, for he devoted much of his time to underdog bills which were far from popular with his colleagues. Though a staunch Democrat, Johnson paid scant attention to party lines and repeatedly risked the wrath of Democratic leaders by his open opposition. This was a period when anti-Catholic feeling ran high, and Johnson, no communicant himself, risked the ire of his Protestant constituents and the Democratic Party by repeated condemnations of religious intolerance. His pet project was the Homestead Act, a bill which

granted 160 acres of public land to any citizen who would cultivate the lot. It was designed to "place every man in the possession of a home and interest in the country," but was foredoomed to failure, and resulted in the Whig accusation that Johnson was an advocate of "the Red Republicanism of France."

Andrew Johnson returned to Tennessee in 1853 to campaign for the governorship of the state. He beat the Whig candidate with ease, but soon after his election a new political opposition sprang up in the form of an extensive clandestine organization, which foreshadowed the Ku Klux Klan. The membership was secret and the charter required that each member "must be a native born citizen of the United States, a Protestant either born of Protestant parents or reared under Protestant influence." The principal targets of this group were the Catholics and the foreign born, but they were also tainted by anti-Negro feeling and, to a lesser degree, anti-Semitism. The organization emerged into open political life as the American Party, but was commonly known as the Know-Nothings. The ambitious and unscrupulous ex-President, Millard Fillmore, became their titular head as candidate for president in 1856.

Johnson's advocacy of religious tolerance, his known sympathy to immi-

grant Irish and his stand on slavery made him a focal point of attack from the Know-Nothings. In 1855, a relentless campaign was waged against his reelection. Johnson managed to weather the storm, however, and became governor for a second term. He was probably as influential as any single man in breaking up the American Party. His period of governorship was marked by reforms in education, banking and farming. At the expiration of his second term, the people of Tennessee elected him to the United States Senate, where he kept up his interest in the laborer and the farmer, and was a constant thorn in the flesh to both the Southern aristocrat and the New England blue-blood. As always, Johnson eschewed party lines and more often than not his was the voice of minority opposition.

III

In 1860, the Democratic Party split wide open. The Southern Democrats, out-voted in the national convention, walked out in a huff. The issue of state rights was a primary cause of dissension, and the departure of the Southern delegates from the convention hall in Charleston, S. C., must have been markedly similar to the belligerent withdrawal of the "Dixiecrats" from the convention at Philadelphia in 1948. The rump Convention of 1860 was held in Baltimore; surpris-

ingly enough, Andrew Johnson not only met with the dissidents, but received twelve ballots as their presidential candidate. The candidate selected, however, was John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. Johnson took the stump for Breckinridge against Lincoln. Later he was to say of Lincoln, "I voted against him; I spoke against him; I spent money to defeat him." He then added, "I was mistaken."

When the presidential returns came in, the South refused to accept the verdict of the people. On December 20, the State of South Carolina decreed the dissolution of the Union. On the previous day, with full knowledge of South Carolina's intent, Andrew Johnson had risen before the Senate to make an impassioned plea for national unity. "I am unwilling voluntarily to walk out of the Union," he thundered; then, turning to the Southern Senators: "We say to you of the South we are not to be frightened and coerced. When you come to break up and turn loose the different elements, there is no telling what combinations may take place in the future. It may occur to the Middle States that they will not get so good a government by going a little farther south as by remaining where they are, that by erecting themselves into an independent republic they could act as a breakwater resisting the heated and surging waves of the South and the

fanatical abolitionism of the North." Johnson talked on, quoting from Jefferson, Madison and Hamilton. When he had finished, there were taunts and jeers from both Southern and Northern Senators. Slowly the room emptied and Johnson stood alone, without a single word of approbation for his speech. It was a bitter day for Johnson; one he never forgot. But there was another man who never forgot that speech either — his name was Abraham Lincoln.

When war broke out, Johnson went back to Tennessee to try to save his state for the Union. He slipped alone through guarded passes to meet with loyal mountaineers. Several times he narrowly missed lynching and assassination. His mission was in vain. Tennessee joined the Confederacy. But Johnson worked on — the eastern section remained with the North, and Johnson helped to raise troops from the mountain areas. He was called back to Washington, then sent out through the country. He was perhaps the most effective speaker of the war, and his message was always the same — the Union must not be dissolved.

Andrew Johnson was a hero in the North and an arch-traitor in the South, but only a few men understood the true meaning of his single message. Eighteen months after Johnson's speech before the Senate, Burnside pushed the Confederate troops

from Eastern Tennessee, and Abraham Lincoln declared Andrew Johnson military governor of the state. Lincoln's telegraph read, in part, "All Tennessee is clear of armed insurrectionists. Not a moment should be lost. You can better judge of the way and means than can be judged here."

Johnson's efforts in the Union cause were heroic. In the midst of war, he supervised the construction of railroads that provisioned the Union army. When General Buell deserted Nashville before the oncoming Confederate troops, Johnson himself commanded the defenses of the city and saved it from enemy hands. As the war dragged on, the North became despondent and almost willing to let the South secede. The great Northern newspapers launched attack after attack on Lincoln. William Cullen Bryant, Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley thundered against the leader. Even Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin did not hesitate to criticize his Chief. Sumner was openly hostile, and an insignificant senator named Benjamin Franklin Wade inveighed futilely against Lincoln. These were the same men who later demanded the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Had their plans been successful, Wade would have become the eighteenth President of the United States.

As the presidential campaign of 1864 came around, Lincoln's popu-

larity was at its lowest ebb, and many staunch Republicans believed they could not win without a new candidate. There is little doubt that Lincoln wished to replace the ineffectual and disloyal Hamlin with a man who would be able to strengthen the ticket and still be in ideological agreement with Lincoln's aims. He found such a man in Andrew Johnson, and quietly manipulated to have him as his running mate. Andrew Johnson was a shining name in the North, and, while sudden military victories were decisive in turning the tide for Lincoln, Johnson's assistance was invaluable.

Johnson wished to remain in Tennessee after the elections, but at Lincoln's urgent request he came to Washington for the inaugural address. Here an unfortunate incident occurred which was to mark Johnson for years to come. Johnson was tired and ill — according to some reports he suffered from diabetes. There had been a party for him at his hotel the night before his inauguration; and, according to rumor, he had been drinking heavily. Whether this was true can scarcely be determined at this date, but every reliable report indicates that Johnson was an abstemious man. The next day, just before his acceptance speech, he told the retiring Vice-President he was ill, and asked for some whiskey. It was given to him and he drank it. A few minutes later he stumbled as he made

his way to the platform — when he spoke, his voice was thick and his hands shaking. Was Johnson sick or drunk? Most historians have given the more discreditable answer. They may be correct, but no other single incident of drunkenness has ever been charged against Johnson.

During the last days of Lincoln's life, no man was closer to him than Andrew Johnson. Certainly there were detailed discussions of Lincoln's plans for reconstruction, and there is every reason to believe that the two men were in complete accord. On April 2, Lincoln and Johnson walked side by side into the erstwhile Confederate Capital of Richmond; and twelve days later, when the bullet of John Wilkes Booth ended Lincoln's life, another conspirator, George Atzerodt, lurked in the streets outside of Johnson's dwelling with orders to murder the Vice-President.

IV

Johnson's first acts as President were to ask the Lincoln Cabinet to remain, and to guarantee that he would follow the policies of his predecessor. In Johnson's eyes, the Union had never been dissolved, and therefore the Southern states were still an integral part of the country, their rights and privileges assured by the Constitution. On this premise he started his program of reconstruction. He never got

far. Even before Congress could convene, his enemies and those of Lincoln were upon him. He was thwarted and frustrated at every turn. No single act of his failed to meet with crushing opposition. Congress set out to strip him of every power, but Andrew Johnson fought back tooth and nail. The fight was a hopeless one. Johnson, who had been a Democrat, was a Southerner. His invaluable service to the Union cause was forgotten. The Northern papers accused him of every conceivable crime, and he was openly slandered in the House and Senate. Most vicious of the charges was that he had engineered Lincoln's murder. Johnson's accusers wilfully ignored the fact that he too had been marked for an assassin's bullet. No single thread of evidence was ever disclosed against Johnson on this score, save the word of a convicted criminal and known perjurer.

Though Johnson was a fighter who never gave in an inch, he could accomplish nothing. His impeachment was planned almost from the day he took office, and the prime instigator was his own Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. The instrument employed was the Tenure-of-Office Act, which Congress passed to deny the right of the President to dismiss members of his Cabinet. Johnson, angered by Stanton's duplicity, demanded the Secretary's resignation. It was refused.

To test the legality of the act, Johnson appointed a temporary Secretary of War, expecting to force the case before the Supreme Court. He got no chance to do so. Congress struck first with impeachment.

The trial of Andrew Johnson was a sorry and disgraceful thing. Logic and truth played little part in it. The vote was solely along party lines. The Democrats voted against conviction; the machine Republicans for it. But there were seven Republicans who dared political annihilation to uphold the dignity of the Presidency — Fessenden of Maine, Fowler of Tennessee, Henderson of Missouri, Trumbull of Illinois, Van Winkle of West Virginia, Ross of Kansas, and last of all, Grimes of Iowa, who, though deathly sick, ordered his attendants to carry him on a litter to the trial in order that he might vote. All but one were later forced out of politics, yet had any one of them cast his vote otherwise, Andrew Johnson would have been convicted.

After the impeachment proceedings were over, Andrew Johnson stayed on in the White House and continued to fight Congress without stint, using his power of veto until the very last. The Republican Convention of 1868 completely repudiated Johnson and gave its nomination to Grant, a man who had weakly vacillated between support of the President and pressure

from his Party. Not so, the Democrats. When Tom Nelson introduced the name of Johnson, the Democratic Convention broke into a wild ovation, and on the first ballot Johnson received the second largest number of votes, 65. But when Grant took over the powers of office on the following year, he refused to meet Johnson to permit any of the honors customarily bestowed upon the outgoing President. Quietly, with dignity, Andrew Johnson left the White House and, almost unattended, went back to his home in the Tennessee mountains.

An evaluation of Johnson's policies must remain hypothetical, for he was balked at every turn. If men are to be judged by their concrete accomplishments, Johnson's rating must be low. But if sheer dogged determination, the ability to stand alone against insuperable odds, and the willingness to accept slander and abuse in order to defend the basic principles of democratic life — if these qualities are the measures of a man's worth, then few Americans are more richly deserving of honor and respect. The last years of Johnson's life typify his character. Most men who had suffered as he had would have been bitter and beaten. But Johnson plunged again into politics. He ran for Congress and was defeated. He became a candidate for the Senate and was again defeated. Finally, at the age of 68, he returned to

Washington as Senator from Tennessee; and as he strode into the Senate hall to take his place beside many of the men who had worked for his impeachment, even his former enemies stood up to cheer him. The papers which had denounced him retracted their words. The *New York Herald* commented, "He is the best man Tennessee could have chosen, not merely for herself but for the democracy of North and South. The Senate needs men who dare to speak the truth. It is now conceded that the imaginary misdemeanors of 1868 were in fact official merits."

The old warrior's life was drawing to a close, but he was by no means tamed. His last official act was a blistering speech against the corruption of the Grant machine. A few weeks later, he died. Fortunately, there were those who remembered his words when he refused the honors offered him by the seceding South, and shouted, "When I die, I desire no better winding sheet than the stars and stripes, and no softer pillow than the Constitution of my country." And so he was buried in the mountains of Tennessee with the flag of the United States of America wrapped about his body; and before he was lowered into his grave, his wife, whom he had cherished throughout his life, placed a copy of the Constitution beneath his head.

CONQUERING THE GYPSY MOTH

BY HAROLD W. BALDWIN

THE four light planes flying low over the Pennsylvania woodland one spring day left behind a fine mist of DDT spray. As those minute drops settled, they covered the trees with certain death for the gypsy moth caterpillars that were stripping the limbs of their leaves. Many of the worms were in hiding, lodged in crevices in the bark, in holes in the trunk and limbs, or under cover on the ground, for the "gyp" is a nocturnal feeder, seeming to detest bright sunshine. And so they were saved from immediate execution.

But some of their companions were feasting on the leaves in spite of the sunshine. When those droplets of DDT struck, some of the worms went through all sorts of crazy contortions, then quickly died. Others lowered themselves toward the ground on their silken threads in an attempt to escape. As for those in hiding, death was waiting when at nightfall they began to crawl around leisurely in search of food.

The combination of airplane and DDT is the weapon that is turning the tide of a battle waged for fifty years against the destructive gypsy moth in the northeastern states. In the past, our government, the several states and Canada have invested more than 140 million to carry on the fight with lead arsenate and ground-spraying equipment. They have kept the pest under reasonable control but have not eliminated it. And so for years it has been well established as the most injurious forest insect in much of New England. It infests some 5000 square miles of woodland in eastern New York, and, until 1946 at least, an area of about 350,000 acres in northeastern Pennsylvania. Shade trees, too, along roads and around homes and buildings, have suffered from its appetite.

So completely can the "gypts" strip a tree of its leaves that great tracts of some of New England's finest woodlands have been ruined by their ravaging. Every year they defoliate thou-

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sands of acres in the prime of their green covering, giving the trees a setback in growth that often lasts for several years. A total of 821,500 acres were either partially or completely stripped in 1945, the year of greatest defoliation since records were first kept in 1924.

But now the hairy worms with the red and blue spots along their backs are meeting their Waterloo. Six years ago Federal and state agencies began experimenting with DDT for their control, using planes to apply it. It was a modest beginning, mostly on twenty acres of Pennsylvania woodland. In 1946, 64,000 acres in the several states were sprayed, and several thousand more were covered by a new type of ground equipment, a high-powered blower that works with amazing efficiency. The attack on the moths this year is expected to reach record heights.

The results have been so successful that the entomologists optimistically predict the pest can now be completely controlled, and at a substantially lower cost. They even dare think the time is not far distant when it can be exterminated.

II

It was about eighty years ago, in 1868 or '69, that the gypsy moth came to this country. An artist and astronomer who, curiously, was also inter-

ested in silk culture, brought from France to his home in Medford, Mass., egg masses of the moth and other silk-spinning worms. He intended to develop a strain resistant to a disease then on the rampage in several silkworm establishments. But before he could proceed very far, some of the gypsy moth worms which hatched from the imported eggs escaped from their breeding cages. And though he searched diligently and even published a notice of their escape, none was found. Eventually they were forgotten.

But twenty years later, in the summer of 1889, the descendants of those escaped worms returned in such hordes they literally covered sections of Medford. Residents who lived through that town's caterpillar-infested summer tell us:

The worms were so thick that one could slide on their crushed bodies on the sidewalks; they crowded each other off the trees and gathered in masses on the ground, fences, houses, entering windows, destroying flowering plants in the house, and even appearing in the chambers at night. The huge, hairy, full-grown caterpillars were constantly dropping upon people on the sidewalks beneath the trees, while the smaller larvae, hanging by invisible threads, were swept into the eyes and upon the faces and necks of passers.

The myriads that were crushed under foot on the sidewalks gave the

streets a filthy and unclean appearance. Ladies passing along certain streets could hardly avoid having their clothes soiled, and were obliged to shake the caterpillars from their skirts. Clothes hanging upon the line were stained by the larvae which dropped or blew upon them from trees and buildings. In the warm, still summer nights a sickening odor arose from the masses of caterpillars and pupae in the woods and orchards, and a constant shower of excrement fell from the trees.

That plague of the brownish-gray caterpillars spurred Medford to raise a sum of money for their control. Massachusetts followed the next year with a state appropriation. Then as the pest spread to other New England states the Federal government entered the fight. But in spite of those combined efforts, the westward spread of the fast-working, furious-eating caterpillars was not stopped. In time they became established in New York and Pennsylvania.

Tons of lead arsenate have been applied as a spray on woodlands and roadside trees every year by state and Federal crews during their fifty-year battle. Frequently their hoselines stretched more than two miles into a forest when the spray trucks could get no closer to an infested spot. Each mile of line meant more than one hundred fifty-foot sections of hose lugged up and down hill and through under-

brush. In Pennsylvania alone, twenty to twenty-five trucks formed the annual attack force, each one manned by a crew of twelve to fifteen men.

Thousands of miles in the infested states have been hiked by scouts, men who searched for egg masses each fall, winter and early spring to determine how serious the year's outbreak might be. Several kinds of parasites and a predatory beetle were imported from Europe and Japan in a still further attempt to halt the pest. Quarantine areas were established to keep it from spreading. But despite those efforts, every year enough of the "gyps" survived to perpetuate their kind.

III

With the advent of DDT, new hope came to the insect fighters. They thought again of the aerial attack, tried many times in pre-DDT days by the Federal Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine for the control of forest pests. But those earlier attempts had usually been unsuccessful, chiefly because the insecticides then available lacked enough concentrated killing power to be practical or economical for aerial application. DDT, however, packs a deadly punch, even in small doses. And so in 1944 the Bureau renewed its experiments, co-operating with state agencies to try the new killer on the "gyp" and other destructive forest insects.

In Pennsylvania the combination of DDT and airplane was used that spring on a twenty-acre tract. Five pounds of DDT in five gallons of solution were applied per acre. To those bug men, accustomed to using about thirty pounds of lead arsenate per acre, the five pounds seemed like thin coverage. Furthermore, during the next several days enough rain fell to wash out other kinds of insecticides. But the results were astonishing. Not a moth, caterpillar or egg mass survived the experience.

Again in the spring of 1945 those minute death drops fell gently on 5000 wooded acres in Carbon, Luzerne and Lackawanna counties in north-eastern Pennsylvania. This time only one pound of DDT was used per acre. But even that small amount had the same deadly result: no "gyms" survived.

Now, with two successful trials under their belts, the bug men had good reason for hope that at long last the pest had met its match. And so in 1946 they greatly expanded the area of attack. A total of 54,600 acres were rid of it that year. Another expansion was made in 1947 with approximately 90,000 acres treated. The aerial battle force consisted of seven or more planes with 65 tons of DDT for their ammunition.

The days of the gypsy moth in Pennsylvania are numbered. For the

first time since the fight began, officials are able to predict the end of the pest as a threat to the state's woodlands. Those twenty or twenty-five spray trucks that lumbered along the roads every spring, their tanks full of lead arsenate spray, did their best with the ammunition then available. Now less than half that number of planes carrying DDT are sweeping low for the final kill.

In New England, too, the battle is making progress. In Connecticut a plane carrying a solution containing only one-half pound of DDT per acre treated 300 acres of oak forest in the northwestern part of the state, one of its roughest and most heavily infested areas. Under the wings was one type of dispensing apparatus, a spray bar perforated with 125 holes of a very small diameter. As the spray left those tiny holes under pressure it was already in the form of a mist. But then the droplets struck a breaker-bar which broke them into even finer particles, so small that they are measured in microns, a micron being one-millionth of an inch in length.

That Connecticut woodland was so rough that a ground crew with trucks would have needed ten men for an entire month to do the job. The plane did it in four hours.

Valuable as it is for woodland spraying, the plane can be used only on large areas over which it has space

to maneuver. But the "gyp," no respecter of man's convenience, also infests small wooded areas, and shade trees along a road, near buildings, or in residential sections. And so the plane's co-worker for those situations is a recently-developed turbine type of blower mounted on a truck. Its 25-blade fan can develop an air blast with the power of a 150-miles-per-hour wind. The mist of spray forced out of the nozzle is so fine that one pint of concentrated DDT mixture will completely cover a large elm or oak; one gallon will cover an acre of trees.

DDT has at least three advantages that have made the entomologists proclaim it the first effective insecticide for gypsy moth work. The caterpillars need only crawl over any spray-covered portion of the tree to be killed. With lead arsenate they must eat the poisoned leaves before they die. DDT is lasting; a single application deposits a residue that continues to kill for six or eight weeks, even though rain falls in the meantime. It is effective against the small cater-

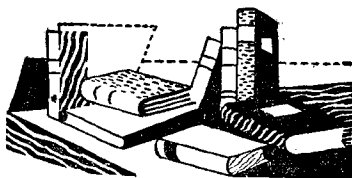
pillars early in the spring before the leaves are large enough to hold other insecticides. Then they are so light in weight that their hairy covering makes it easy for the wind to carry them to new areas.

Another reason for satisfaction affects the taxpayer's pocketbook. The truck method costs from \$15 to \$25 of public funds per acre, chiefly because of the labor needed to lay the hose lines. By plane the job can be done for less than \$1.50 per acre. Furthermore, the best truck equipment can treat only about 200 acres during an annual spraying season of some five weeks. But with favorable weather conditions one plane can cover a thousand acres in one day.

Some times during those fifty years of ground work the entomologists must have been sorely discouraged with their seemingly hopeless task of winning the "gyp" war. But now the tide of battle has turned. That fine mist of DDT spray trailing the low-flying planes is to the gypsy moth fighters what the atomic bomb was to other fighters in another kind of war.



THE LIBRARY



JOHN HERSEY'S GHETTO

by **CHARLES ANGOFF**

THE murder of some 6 million Jews by the Nazis in World War II was probably the most degrading event in all human history thus far. Beside it, even the slaughters ordered by Genghis Khan and Attila seem like petty homicides. The enormity of what the Nazis did, as well as the current world tension and universal fear of imminent total extinction through atomic warfare, is probably responsible for what seems like a continuing apathy on the part of both Jews and Christians toward it. In the public sphere, as in the private one, certain events stun the consciousness into a stupor that often lasts for some time. When the present numbness wears off there may well be a sense of universal shame the like of which has never before possessed the human race.

It will also probably be many years before the subject, or any large aspect

of it, is adequately treated in prose, fiction, poetry, or drama. The proper exercise of the literary art, especially when faced with so gigantic and harrowing a tragedy, demands a prolonged brooding period. It took Russian literature more than fifty years before Napoleon's attempt to conquer that land was fully and enduringly put on paper in *War and Peace*. Hitler's attempt to destroy a whole race—and his success in obliterating nearly half of it—may prove even more taxing upon the creative imagination of writers.

The bare facts are pretty well known, even about what was probably the most satanic of all the Nazi centers of brutality, the Warsaw Ghetto, and the neighboring extermination chambers in Treblinka. A vast literature on life in the concentration camps, much of it in diary form by former captives, is in the archives of the Central Historical Commission in Munich, and elsewhere, all of it ultimately to be gathered in a Memorial Museum in Israel. Large sections of

this material have appeared in Yiddish and English in the Yiddish and Anglo-Jewish press of the United States. There is also a collection of some 4000 photographs of life in the ghettos and camps taken by George Kadish with a camera concealed on his person. Then there are many songs, verses and tales, dozens of which have also been published in the Yiddish and Anglo-Jewish newspapers and periodicals. Indeed, so vast is this literature that the Jewish scholar Leo W. Schwarz has compiled a very illuminating anthology of it under the title *The Root and the Bough* [\$3.75, Rinehart].

The American public as a whole, however, has remained pretty much in the dark about the subject. One of the virtues of Mr. John Hersey's new novel, *The Wall* [\$4.00, Knopf] is that it has brought the tragedy to the attention of millions of men and women. Mr. Hersey confines himself entirely to the Warsaw Ghetto. The Nazis packed 500,000 Jews into a restricted area. The crowding was such that an average of fourteen people were forced to live together in one room. The captive Jews were ordered to build a wall around this ghetto, and were, of course, forbidden to leave except by permission of Nazi officials. Mr. Hersey tells the story of the fate of the 500,000 Jews in the form of excerpts from a diary kept by

one Noach Levinson, a former shoemaker, capmaker, poet, short story writer, author of books, who calls himself "archivist, or historian." The time covered is about three and a half years (November 1939 — May 1943).

II

Levinson, of course, is Mr. Hersey. He is "only interested, really, in separate Jews, in people," because he has a "feeling that events were less important than people's reactions to them." While he writes about scores of people, he concerns himself chiefly with the following: Dolek Berson, Symka Berson, Mauritz Apt, Rachel Apt, Halinka Apt, Mordecai Apt, Lazar Slonim, Yechiel Mazur, Froi Mazur, Rutka Mazur, Jan Jablonski, and Wladislaw Jablonski. Dolek Berson, before his forced confinement, "had a certain amount of money from his father," and even as a young man, "began to run away, like so many of our generation, from his Jewishness." Symka is his wife — sterile, beautiful, and spoiled. Pan Apt, father of Rachel, Mordecai and Halinka, was a jeweler, and almost completely de-Judaized, as were his children. The Mazurs (father, mother, daughter) belong to the same general social class as the Apts and Bersons. Jan Jablonski (né Isaac Zeligstein) is a *meshummed* (convert to Catholicism), and his son Wladislaw has been

brought up as a Catholic. Slonim is a Socialist.

The Germans, at the beginning, lead most of the 500,000 confined Jews to believe that no harm will come to them if they outwardly accept their position as an inferior race, and mind their own businesses. The Germans even entrust authority over the Jews to a *Judenrat*, made up entirely of leading members of the Jewish community. But with "episode after episode, separately, without apparent sequence," the real intent of the occupation authorities becomes all too clear: "Looting of Jewish property; kosher slaughter forbidden; . . . public worship forbidden; census; registration for labor; ghetto decree; ghetto decree called off; arm-bands; bank accounts frozen; limitations on change of residence; registration of Jews' jewelry; schools closed; restrictions on travel; registration of property; Jews barred from trolleys and busses; restrictions on postal savings; . . ."

Then the looting becomes systematic, "legal," and persistent. The Jews are virtually stripped of all their property, including much of their clothing, so that the harsh autumns and bitter winters of Warsaw become almost unbearable to many, and fatal to the aged and infirm. Soon the Jews have to fend for themselves for food. They plant little gardens in the ceme-

tery, but the burials of their mounting dead cut into these gardens. Undernourishment spreads. Disease enters more and more homes. Almost all medicines, except some purgatives and aspirin, are forbidden to be bought. Jews are driven out of a modern, well-equipped hospital, and there is "a parade of the sick and dying . . . to two drafty buildings. . . . Instruments and laboratories had to be left behind."

Starvation grips the Jews. "One can see hunger-panics in the streets every day." Typhus strikes. "Death has become commonplace. In the poorer sections of the ghetto, corpses of typhus victims are put out in the streets at night and the tumbrels of Rotblat's Funeral Service pick them up the next day and cart them to mass graves in the Jewish cemetery. In the early morning the corpses lie naked in the streets, covered only by pieces of newspaper pinned down with bricks."

Jews are shot and killed at random. The people are getting more desperate and somehow manage to smuggle in food and ammunition. "Bribery can always find its weak spot." Yet there is still hope — and some hilarity. Berson, a musician, plays his concertina and others sing and dance. Levinson says, "Sometimes I feel that we do not maintain a high enough standard of lugubriousness."

The Nazis then announce that quotas of several thousand Jews a day must be supplied by the *Judenrat* for transportation to a work camp. The Jews learn quickly that the "work camp" is the extermination factory in Treblinka. The Nazis have decided to do away with the entire ghetto, train-load by train-load. Some men and women reveal tremendous heroism. Even the frivolous Halinka does a magnificent job smuggling in arms, as does the pregnant Rutka. But several Jewish policemen, formerly quiet-spoken, gentle professional men, turn into monsters, pushing men, women, and children onto the cars leading to Treblinka. A Nobel Prize winner shows himself up as a contemptible coward, preaching caution: "Let's not anger them. Let's not fight." Pan Apt turns traitor. He goes over to the "Aryan" side. To accomplish that he even has "his circumcision corrected." The Russians bombard Warsaw, and the Nazis are terrified, but they continue with their killing, and the few remaining Jews hardly know where to go. Several hide in the sewers, creeping along toward the world outside the ghetto wall, where they hope to escape to a life also infested with Nazis but perhaps a trifle less hellish. Someone suggests suicide. There is a shout, "No! No! Fight to the last man. We must kill *them*, not ourselves."

III

Mr. Hersey obviously has carefully studied many of the available documents, and has also acquainted himself with Jewish legends, customs, language and literature. What has he contributed to the understanding of the Warsaw Ghetto with his novel? His profound sympathy with what the Jews suffered is clear, so is his intense admiration for the heroism of many individual Jews. He seems to be fond of Dolek Berson, who entered the ghetto as a drifting intellectual, yet ended up as a smuggler and plotter for his people. Mr. Hersey also is attracted to Rachel, perhaps his most successful character in the book. Homely, unloved, uncherished, and unsung, knowing little about Judaism, she quickly becomes "the one to whom everyone looked to see what state of mind was appropriate." Mr. Hersey also has some moving pages about a wedding (that of Rutka and Mordecai), a circumcision, the assassination of a Jewish informer, and the departure of a woman (Froi Mazur) to certain death in Treblinka.

The book as a whole, however — and it runs to 632 closely printed pages — fails to impress. Indeed, Mr. Hersey achieves something of a miracle by managing to get himself so much in the way of his stupendous subject that he almost eclipses it en-

tirely. For this he has to thank, to a considerable extent, the diary form he employs. By its choppiness and lack of narrative line it is always present in the reader's mind, pulling him forwards and backwards, seldom allowing him to lose himself in what he's reading.

Virtually all of Mr. Hersey's characters are either irreligious intellectuals or members of the upper middle-class. In pre-war Poland they owned Bechstein pianos, discussed Immanuel Kant and Karl Marx, debated the differences between Bach and Mozart, and their women wore black caracul coats, mink coats, sealskin coats, astrakhan hats and gloves, and brown fox jackets. Of course, there were people of this character in the Warsaw Ghetto, but they formed a small percentage of the 500,000. The bulk of the Polish Jews were poor or extremely poor, and nearly all of them were believers in the orthodox faith of their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers. Free-thinking or even mere indifference to religion was a luxury indulged in by a very few. So powerful, indeed, was orthodoxy among the people that even the handful of avowed atheists were hesitant about openly eating pork products and desecrating the Sabbath. The conscience of the community looked down upon such people as almost unworthy of human society.

Several among the Jews were versed in worldly as well as in Jewish affairs, but to write a 632-page book about 500,000 Polish Jews and leave the reader with the impression that they almost never argued the fine points of this or that passage in the Talmud, almost never vied with one another in telling stories about the great rabbis and *magiddim* (lay preachers) of their time, but instead, that they talked chiefly about this or that movement of some classical composer's concerto — to do this is to present a wholly untrue picture. What gave the Polish Jews their dominant character and massive strength was the vast, plodding, hopeful, orthodox majority of poor folk. The intellectuals and the well-fed and well-clothed displayed their share of noble resistance, but the fierce, volcanic courage that gave immortality to the struggle inside The Wall came mostly from the emaciated Jews with ear locks and straggly beards hurrying from door to door in search of stale hard bread for their hungry wives and children — and from their magnificent wives who performed daily feats of scrimping and scrubbing, encouraging and comforting.

But Mr. Hersey's Jews are not only non-representative, they have no reality as Jews or as people. Some, indeed, as for example, the Jablonskis, make no sense at all. Such converts

exist only in Mr. Hersey's dreams. They serve no purpose in the book. They don't seem to be accepted or tolerated to any great extent even by the intellectuals. The socialist Slonim runs in and out of the book, but Mr. Hersey never makes his socialism a living part of his narrative. That is a serious defect, for Jewish socialism played an important rôle in Poland. It inclined to be not overly religious, true enough, but a very appreciable segment of it was closely affiliated with Zionism. It served as a gadfly in one section of Jewish intellectual life, and undoubtedly was violently anti-Nazi. But there is little more than a hint of all this in *The Wall*.

Mr. Hersey fumbles even with his chief character, Noach Levinson. While every word in the book is Levinson's, while he tells what he thinks and dreams, what doubts assail him, what regrets he harbors, what motivates him in the composition of his many-volumed diary—"I feel that it is terribly important to leave as much as possible in the way of paper record of our ordeal. That will be our only estate. . . . There is nothing to leave behind but history."—while he reveals why (he imagines) he has been rather shy of women, including the ugly Rachel, who gives evidences of willingness to comfort him—even while dealing out this tremendous amount of information,

Levinson remains pretty much a shadowy figure. One cannot see the look in his eyes. One cannot predict what he will do in this or that particular instance. He is a clinical case history, not a human being who walks and talks and grumbles and smells and smiles and eats and sleeps in his own individual way.

Mr. Hersey's women are made of cardboard. Some, indeed, are interchangeable. It seems to make little difference to the reader, for example, whether Rutka or Halinka or Symka is talking or doing this or that. Mr. Hersey, as has been said, does a better job with Rachel. She almost assumes vital fictional stature, but this seems to be something of an accident, for toward the end he virtually confesses his helplessness with her. He throws her into bed with the recently widowed Dolek Berson, very much to the surprise of the reader who had been led to believe, for more than 550 pages, that she was entirely dedicated to being the Little Mother of her community.

IV

What Mr. Hersey has done is to steep himself in the documents about the Warsaw Ghetto and to fictionize a group of incidents, in the belief that such fictionizing would give them artistic life. In some cases, in fact, he has done little more than "dramatize"

a paragraph or two from a diary, throw quotation marks around it, and attribute it to a "character." Here, for example, is how Bernard Goldstein, a non-professional writer, a leader of the Jewish trade union movement in Warsaw, describes a scene he witnessed in the ghetto, a line of Jews being sifted for extermination in Treblinka:

We kept moving along steadily. In the distance I could already see the uniforms of the SS. Near me a mother pushed her child away; it was safer to see them alone. She primed, fixed her make-up, put on a sweet smile.

I could hear the shouted commands. "Right! . . . Left!" After each shout of "Right!" a crescendo of weeping and screaming arose, mingled with the sound of swinging whips and ropes; the wretch was shoved into the waiting hands of the Ukrainians and Letts, who threw him into the mass of the condemned. After a sufficient number had been assembled on the right they were marched toward the *Umschlagplatz* a few blocks away, while another group was being collected.

A woman walked up leading a child. They tried to tear the child from her. She was being sent to the left, to work, to life, but she refused to give up the child. After a short struggle she was given an impatient shove to the right. She could keep the child — and die with it.

Here is how Mr. Hersey, a Pulitzer

Prize winner, deals with the same or a similar scene:

The selection commenced. At the desk the officer began to pronounce the simple reprieves and sentences: *right or left, according to the evidence of working cards, appearances, the officer's judgment, the moment's sheer whim . . .*

In the line, was a big workman carrying a suitcase. And ahead of him stood a young woman, holding a long disused compact, powdering her face, applying rouge and lipstick, combing her stringy hair, in hopes, evidently, that she might make herself appear attractive and above all *healthy* to the German: healthy enough to be a worker and survive. . . .

— Right . . . left . . . left . . .

— Left . . . left . . . death . . . death . . .

Some of the Jews tried to argue, some to beg; many were crying, men as well as women. . . . Some who were doomed bit, clawed, and fought back. Others were dull and passive.

—Left.

The girl walked without a moment's hesitation to the group designated for the *Umschlagplatz*.

The man with the suitcase stepped forward. He offered some papers. They seemed to be valid. The officer said:

— Right. (Then he asked:) What's in the suitcase?

— Personal possessions. The regulations permit fifteen kilograms to be taken, in case of resettlement. I thought perhaps . . .

— Correct. . . . Mittendorf, examine the suitcase.

— But you said I could go to the right.

The officer merely looked up at the workman, as if to say: *Speak when spoken to*. The noncom addressed as Mittendorf took the suitcase from the workman, let it down on the cobblestones, flopped it onto one side, dropped on one knee, and opened the suitcase. Clothing seemed to be crammed into it. The noncom pulled the top pieces out. Underneath there was something larger. The noncom tore out the contents of the suitcase. Mainly there was a bundle, from which the noncom peeled off layers of shirting and articles of clothing. Inside was a baby. It was perhaps a year old. It was alive. Its mouth had been bound with strips of cloth. Its thin, old-looking face was bluish, but it struggled in the hands of the noncom, who seemed not to know how to handle the squirming body. The workman stood looking at the ground.

The German officer, expressing neither surprise nor anger: — For the little stranger, left.

The noncom, Mittendorf, carried the baby to the group for the *Umschlagplatz* and put the infant in the arms of the girl who had prettied herself. The workman stood still, watching. The officer said to him;

— For you, right.

Slowly the workman walked to the group on the right, of those who were spared.

Mr. Hersey's description is longer, but it says no more than does Mr. Goldstein's. Indeed, it says a great deal less, for his extended literary sighing detracts from the effect he is trying to produce. He has taken a group of bare facts, vulgarized them into a tabloid shocker — and left the intelligent reader offended.

Mr. Hersey's attempt to get into the soul of the Jew is not very successful. He has Noach Levinson quote a beautiful passage from the illustrious Y. L. Peretz on the meaning of Jewishness; he has Rachel, at the end, confess, "I am rather unclear as to God. But so far as the rest of our religion is concerned, I think there is only one thing: not to hurt anybody"; he has these and other characters use words like *Nu*, *cholent*, *Hatikvah*, *shlimazl*, *nudnik*, and *minyán*; he has them quote sayings from the great rabbis, but he never gets very deeply into what Noach Levinson, in one place, calls "inner Jewishness." Were Mr. Hersey to put such words as *begorrah*, *Holy Mother of God*, and *shillelagh* into the mouths of the same characters, and make a few other minor changes, they would pass for Irish folk — at least as "Irish" as Mr. Hersey's "Jews" are Jews.

Language alone doesn't make character. Clothing alone doesn't make character. A detailed account of eat-

ing habits and the listing of favorite phrases, by themselves, don't make character. The true artist hardly needs these "facts." All he needs — and it is a rare and precious thing — is perception into the inner workings of personality. Such perception, alas, cannot be taught. One has it or one hasn't got it.

Mr. Hersey, apparently, hasn't got it. His previous major work of fiction, *A Bell for Adano*, is little more than the book for a musical comedy. The theme is good, but Mr. Hersey degrades it to the level of merchandise. There is no genuine understanding of what makes people so wonderful and pitiful and warm, despite their petty

trickeries and meannesses. *The Wall* is far more ambitious. The motive behind it is most admirable. But nobility of motive is not enough for the creation of literature. Sympathy also is not enough. Neither is the piling up of "facts," plain or "dramatized." For facts do not tell their own story. It takes an artist with divine intuition to "perceive" the "story" in the facts, and to tell it in such a way that the reader perceives it with him. By using the right words the artist manages to convey the inner meaning of a situation, with all its haunting echoes. He employs words to suggest and reveal what can never be encompassed by mere words — or facts.

SUMMER

BY HANNAH KAHN

Summer is a meadow
Attuned to scarlet bird;
Soft and languorous the earth
Bespeaks her swollen word.

Soft and languorous the earth
Rapturous with ease,
Casually accepts the sap
Pouring from the trees.

Summer is a woman,
Indolent with grace,
One who quickens as the sun
Burnishes her face.

THE CHECK LIST



HISTORY

THE PRICE OF UNION, by Herbert Agar. \$5.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. The theme of Mr. Agar's latest and best book is the abiding vitality of American democracy, despite its numerous divisive forces. He reviews the amazing developments in the meaning of the Federal Constitution, the powers of the Presidency, the Congress and the Supreme Court; and he pays special attention to the rôle of political parties in keeping the nation united and devoted, at least in theory, to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, perhaps the chief guiding light in all our annals. Mr. Agar has brought to this book vast learning and an objectivity of the rarest kind. He stops his history roughly with 1909, because "thereafter, the political passions of today confuse the issue, and much of the evidence is not yet sifted." There are many maps, notes, a selected bibliography, and an excellent index.

TREASON, by Nathaniel Weyl. \$4.50. *Public Affairs*. Mr. Weyl, who clearly knows his way around American legal history, has written a timely and truly

interesting book. He does not cover the entire realms of treason and sedition, naturally, but in the space of one highly readable volume he does review some of the more interesting cases, including those of Benedict Arnold, Major André, Aaron Burr, John Brown, Clement Vallandigham; and, coming down to more recent times, those of Max Stephan, Robert Best, "Axis Sally," Sergeant Provo, "Tokyo Rose," Alger Hiss, and Judith Coplon.

A WORLD HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, by Quincy Howe. \$5.00. *Simon and Schuster*. This is the first volume in a projected three-volume history of the first half of the present century. It covers the period 1900-1918. Mr. Howe has clearly relied heavily on secondary sources, and very often on hack magazine articles. He also permits himself to use such phrases as "how appropriate, then, that the same Vienna . . ." and "It was no accident that Vienna . . ." In other words, he writes like a newspaper feature writer or a daily radio commentator. By and large, his facts are probably sound (though very often incomplete), but he has no point of view, and altogether has

very little to say. There are many illustrations, but they seem to have been thrown together rather than selected. The index is far too brief for so huge a book.

THE JEWS: THEIR HISTORY, CULTURE, AND RELIGION, edited by Louis Finkelstein. Two volumes. \$12.00. *Harper*. A group of scholars, both Christian and Jewish, here contribute chapters on some of the leading issues of Judaism, from earliest known times down to the present. Among the issues they discuss are the following: the Period of the Talmud, the European Age in Jewish History, the American Jewish Chronicle, Medieval Hebrew Poetry, Judaism and World Philosophy, Yiddish Literature, Science and Judaism, the Influence of the Bible on English Literature, the Economic Structure of Modern Jewry, and the Jewish Religion: its Beliefs and Practices. The work is not "up to date," for most of the chapters were completed more than four years ago, and there are several serious omissions, which the editor acknowledges. The entire project also suffers from the lack of a point of view, as is inevitable in all such compilations. Nevertheless, it is extremely useful, and filled with a vast amount of information which would otherwise be very difficult to obtain. The quality of the writing is high. The editor, Dr. Finkelstein, is president of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. His own contribution, the Jewish Religion, is one of the most scholarly and best written essays in the entire work. There are fine notes and bibliographies at the ends of all the chap-

ters, and a combined index at end of Volume II.

HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY OF RUSSIA TO THE 1917 REVOLUTION, by Peter I. Lyashchenko, with an introduction by Calvin B. Hoover. \$13.00. *Macmillan*. This formidable volume, published as part of the Russian Translation Project of the American Council of Learned Societies, gives an interesting insight into the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist mind. Professor Lyashchenko is a veteran historian, whose talents were so outstanding that he was permitted to work and publish under Tsarism despite his Marxist leanings. He has remained prominent since the Revolution, and this work, published in the USSR ten years ago, shows why: he limits his historical conclusions to problems previously touched upon by Lenin or Stalin, and he quotes these sages repeatedly. Dr. Hoover believes, however, that these obeisances do not substantially detract from the value of the book or from Lyashchenko's achievement in compiling a staggering quantity of research.

BIOGRAPHY

JONATHAN EDWARDS, by Perry Miller. \$3.50. *Sloane*. This is not only the best of the already published volumes of *The American Men of Letters Series*; it is probably the best study of the great Colonial American that has yet appeared. Professor Miller rightly holds that "Edwards was infinitely more than a theologian. He was one of America's five or

six major artists, who happened to work with ideas instead of with poems or novels." He delves deeply into his ideas against the background of colonial times, and also in the light of the thinking of today. While he writes clearly, some of his discussion is probably beyond the grasp of the general reader.

TWO FRIENDS OF MAN, by Ralph Korngold. \$5.00. *Little, Brown*. This is a double biography of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, two of the greatest agitators, primarily for abolition, in our history. Mr. Korngold describes them in the round, against the background of their times; and when he becomes enthusiastic, as he often does, he presents ample justification for it. He believes that Messrs. Garrison and Phillips were far more wholehearted and uncompromising enemies of slavery than Lincoln, whom he brands, at least at the beginning of his career, as pretty much of a vacillator and a politician.

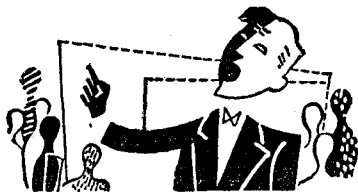
LOUIS PASTEUR, by Rene J. Dubos. \$5.00. *Little, Brown*. Dr. Dubos, of the Rockefeller Institute, a former professor of comparative pathology and tropical medicine at the Harvard Medical School, is not a Paul de Kruif. He has little interest in winning the applause of the populace. He is far more interested in telling precisely what Pasteur contributed to science, how his contribution grew out of the philosophical and social conditions of his environment, and the influence he wielded upon future philosophy and metaphysics, as well as upon scientific methodology. Dr. Dubos praises

him as the "symbol of triumphant science" and "one of the greatest experimenters who ever lived."

LOVE STORY, by Ruth McKenney. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. This book, dealing with Miss McKenney's personal life since 1937, when she was married, is, on the whole, amazingly dull. Apparently she has had a very happy married life, but what she says about it is rather commonplace, and in places reads like a series of chapters in a mass circulation women's magazine. The writing is sometimes crude and even ungrammatical, as for example, "The reason we had a nurse for John was because . . ." And the book is filled to the point of nausea with the *New Yorker* type of proud irresponsibility: "I usually left my letters around to age a little, so to speak; then after a week or so, I lost track . . ."

IGOR STRAVINSKY, *The Man and His Music*, by Alexandre Tansman. \$3.75. *Putnam*. Mr. Tansman has known Stravinsky for many years, but it is clear that his knowledge of music leaves much to be desired and as a music critic he is ridiculous. He says, "The artist in Stravinsky is as perfect as human nature makes it possible to be," which is an absurd expression of hero-worship. Later he says, "Born under the sign of the Gemini, Igor Stravinsky was particularly favored by the stars for an artistic vocation." There is what seems to be a complete chronological list of the composer's works. The translation from the French by Therese and Charles Blee-field is rather crude.

THE OPEN FORUM



CHESTER BOWLES AS A POLITICAL LEADER

SIR: As majority leader of the Senate of the Connecticut Legislature, I read your recent article on Connecticut's Governor Chester Bowles with very special interest. [See the March *MERCURY*.] There is one important point which I would like to set straight for your readers. That point is the legislature's actual accomplishment in this past year under Governor Bowles, in spite of Republican opposition to the Governor and his program.

The article, stressing the "deadlock" between the House and Senate on various issues of the Bowles program, says that only "in one important matter, the financing of new school construction, Bowles has succeeded in working out a compromise." The actual facts of the matter are these: on all except two issues, the entire progressive program of Governor Bowles was passed by the legislature and is now in effect.

To be specific: (1.) Governor Bowles asked for a moderate-rent state housing program. The legislature (after some opposition from the Republican-controlled House, to be sure) authorized a

program to build 6500 homes to rent at an average of \$40 per month, and 3500 homes to be sold with state financial assistance to moderate income families. Governor Bowles also asked for and received a strong state eviction law, which has reduced evictions to one-sixth their former rate.

(2.) Governor Bowles urged a building program for mental hospitals, which in Connecticut were antiquated, overcrowded and shamefully inadequate. The legislature agreed to a \$15 million building and modernization program — the largest in the state's history.

(3.) Governor Bowles urged that the former, pitifully low \$50 per month limitation on old-age assistance be removed, and that state aid be given according to need under today's cost of living. The legislature authorized this change, and increases averaging about \$21 per month have already been given to 5500 old people.

(4.) Governor Bowles asked the legislature to abolish segregation in the Connecticut National Guard and other state military services. This legislation was

passed early in the session, without a dissenting vote, by both houses of the legislature. 125 Negroes are now serving with the National Guard.

(5.) Governor Bowles asked that a commission be appointed to study and recommend changes in the antiquated, costly and highly inefficient structure of the state government. The legislature agreed, and the commission is now reporting its recommendations. The Governor asked for a special session in March to discuss the commission's modernization proposals.

(6.) Governor Bowles also asked for and received relief on discriminatory taxes on margarine sold in the state, although the Republican-controlled House refused to permit the margarine to be sold colored yellow, as consumers prefer it.

(7.) Governor Bowles, as the *MERCURY* article did state, asked for and received a strong school building program — even though the legislature had to be twice called into special session to force the Republican-controlled House to agree to the program. . . .

The significant fact is that in spite of what was often strong and even bitter opposition from the Republican-dominated House, Governor Bowles and the Democratic leaders were able, with the ever-increasing support of Connecticut citizens, to put through these important programs. I might also say that the entire program enacted is, according to many observers, the strongest liberal program ever passed in Connecticut, and quite probably the strongest passed by any state in the past year.

The legislative deadlock mentioned in the article did affect one very important issue: the modernizing of labor legislation. On this, the Republican leaders in the House refused to budge from their traditional conservative, not to say anti-labor, stand. They also refused to even consider Governor Bowles' request to substitute an income tax, based on ability to pay, for the present unfair sales tax adopted by the Republican administration preceding Governor Bowles. . . .

ALFRED F. WECHSLER

Hartford, Conn.

SIR: In my article on Governor Bowles I was not implying that the members of the legislature failed to pass any of his proposed program, but was pointing out that a deadlock exists over those portions of it which are specifically "Bowlesian." Mr. Wechsler knows quite well that most of the items he lists in his letter as great Bowles' victories concern things about which both parties have long been in substantial agreement. The last three Republican administrations have been in favor of a housing program, old-age assistance, a just eviction law, and improvement of the state's mental institutions. (A housing program was inaugurated by the last Republican administration.) I cannot see that enactments in these matters constitute any special victory for the present Governor when practically everybody agreed some action was necessary and inevitable.

The controversial proposals, those specifically the Governor's own, were school financing, the 75 cents an hour minimum wage bill, extension of unem-

ployment compensation, and above all, a state income tax. As I point out in my article, the Governor did score a real success in the matter of financing new school construction by forcing a decidedly reluctant Republican House to accept his suggestions; but with the other proposals he had no success at all. The failure of the legislature to act on these favorite schemes of the Governor's created the deadlock of which I speak.

Aside from these specific disagreements, the presence of Bowles in the Governor's office has sharpened the fundamental cleavage between the advocates of strong centralized state government and advocates of diffused local government. *That* deadlock will remain as long as the lower house is comprised chiefly of representatives from the small towns who symbolize traditional Connecticut independence, or, if you prefer, traditional conservatism.

MORTIMER SMITH

Sandy Hook, Conn.

CATHOLIC-PROTESTANT MARRIAGES

SIR: In your article on Catholic-Protestant marriage [as told to Alberta Williams, in the January *MERCURY*], I should like to call your attention to these inaccuracies: (1.) page 58 — "that rather mystifying business of Catholic children having to go to parochial schools through the eighth grade"; (2.) page 61 — "'Irene', he told me, 'if we keep the boys in public school, I'm to be denied all the sacraments of the church.'"; (3.) page 63 — "Have I Sinned . . .

By going to another church."; (4.) page 63 — "Mother, you and I can't be buried in the same place, can we?"

Many Catholics in all parts of the country send their children to all grades of the public school without being refused the sacraments. I am a partial product of public school education, without any member of my family having been deprived of any sacrament. Not only is it a misrepresentation to say that a person who sends his child to a public school would be refused such a sacrament as extreme unction given to the dying, but it is also a ridiculous statement, for the Catholic Church has regard for each soul. To quote from the chapter, "Catholic Schools," in *Religion and American Democracy*, "A Reply to Paul Blanchard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*," by George H. Dunne, S.J.: "The public schools, within the limitations imposed upon them by their environment, are doing a good job. The same may be said of Catholic schools. Allowing for a certain number of incompetents, the men and women who teach in the public schools are sincere, able, conscientious, and possessed of high ideals. But they are not perfect. The same thing may be said of the teachers in Catholic schools." Father Dunne is a well known Jesuit.

As far as the third inaccuracy is concerned, I can say that "mother" may be buried in a Catholic cemetery under certain burial regulations relating to the construction of the grave. Moreover, it is not a sin to go to a non-Catholic church if one does not take part in the service.

Alberta Williams' account of Bob's

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experience in Sunday school does not ring true (see page 60). *Something* must have happened *some time* unless little Bob (and I do not mean to be flippant) just *could not* remember anything.

LUCIE O'CONNOR

Newark, N. J.

SIR: There were no inaccuracies in my piece in the January AMERICAN MERCURY. There couldn't have been, because it was "Irene's" personal experience, written exactly as she told it to me.

Admittedly Roman Catholics attend public schools in communities where there are no parochial schools. Of course, they prefer public school education to illiteracy. But in places where parochial schools are maintained the local priest usually makes it mandatory that his parishioners send their youngsters to the parochial school. His best weapon is denial of the sacraments. It isn't at all unusual for Roman Catholics to be refused the Eucharist if they don't conform in the matter of their children's education. That a Catholic could still wangle extreme unction just before *rigor mortis* overtook him is no blandishment to any Protestant; the Protestant believes his faith should be deeply concerned with his entire life, not just his death.

Whether or not Irene and her son can be buried in the same cemetery, her child *thought* that would not be possible. Protestants often have sentimental feelings that prompt them to wish for burial in specific places. However, a Protestant feels that the place of his burial or even the fact of his burial . . . has nothing whatever to do with the fate of his soul.

Miss O'Connor may be quite right when she says it's no sin for a Catholic to go to a non-Catholic church if he doesn't take part in the service. But surely Joe is being given that impression through his check list of conscience prodders. Moreover, can any Catholic be positive he won't follow the service when he goes to a Protestant church? A good many of the forms of worship are the same. For instance, the Lord's Prayer is used in both Catholic and Protestant services. Even with the best of intentions, can a Catholic be absolutely certain he can keep from latching on when the Lord's Prayer is said—or when the Gloria Patri, part of both rituals, is sung?

Naturally, Irene knew Bob could have talked with her and told her what happened when he went to mass Sunday mornings. She believes that the child, even at that very early age, was already conscious of the separation between his mother's and his own religious life. This silence, this unwillingness to talk and discuss things with his mother was the child's intuitive and instinctive reaction, not something he'd been taught in his religious instruction.

I still think it's somewhat pointless to defend or attack a human experience story. One may like it or dislike it, one may think it should have been told or should not have been told, one may believe it is extraordinary or quite commonplace, but, still, it is merely one woman's personal experience. One may better discuss the conclusions she draws from her experience, rather than the experience itself.

ALBERTA WILLIAMS

Springfield, Ill.

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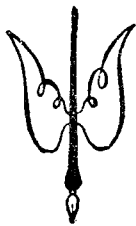
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